McKean County Miner.

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JNO. K. TENER MAKES MANLY STATEMENT.

Explains Thoroughly the Charges Made Against Him.

EDITOR ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

E. A. Van Valkenburg of North American, Charged with Criminal Libel—Candidate Asks for Fair Play—Offers to Redeem Stock.

On Monday John K. Tener swore out a warrant for the arrest of E. A. Van Valkenburg of the North American, on the charge of criminal libel. A preliminary hearing was set for Friday. A special effort will be made to hurry proceedings.

John K. Tener, nominee for governor, has issued a statement in reply to certain charges made against him in a Philadelphia newspaper.

After detailing his connection with the National Public Utilities corporation and the Security Life and Annuity of Chicago, Mr. Tener concludes his statement as follows:

"I know that certain interests are striving to induce some one to be the 'tool' to issue, for political effect, a warrant for my arrest. For the proper condemnation of such conduct, I confidently appeal to the sense of fair play of the electors of Pennsylvania and challenge my detractors to proceed. I court any judicial investigation for I am ready and willing to meet any and all accusers in a court of justice instead of trying to shower hidden foes, who are straining every point to accomplish, for political purposes, my business and political ruin."

Mr. Tener's Statement.

The statement in part is as follows:

"In December of last year I was visited in Washington by William L. Chrisman, an attorney of Philadelphia, and F. L. Smart, who requested me to become president of the National Public Utilities corporation. I had favorably known Mr. Smart for some time, but not knowing Mr. Chrisman, made inquiry and learned that he was a lawyer of excellent reputation. I also learned that other reputable men, General Russell Taylor, Colonel William Bender Wilson, Joseph S. Mack, Frederick S. Schoff, William B. Margerum and Simeon Merill were directors.

"I was also informed that the company had been incorporated according to law, was properly organized and could properly carry on the business for which it was intended, which was the building of a railroad from Astoria to a point beyond Seaside, in the State of Oregon. I concluded to accept the presidency and served during the first quarter of this year, but as my labors in congress were constantly increasing I resigned from the company. For some reason my resignation was not accepted at the time, but I received no salary as president except for the months of January and February, although entitled to the salary for March.

"Fifty thousand dollars, par value, of the stock was sent to me and I immediately returned it with a letter, stating that I could not accept it as I had not earned it and was not entitled to it. A little later $20,000 par value of the stock was sent to me, which I also returned for the same reason.

"Charles N. Bennett, a civil engineer of high repute, whom I sent to Oregon on my election to the presidency, reported favorably upon it, and within a week past has reiterated that opinion and has stated that if eastern capital could not be had to carry the work through, local capital there could be had to do it.

"I never promoted the National Public Utilities corporation; was not a participant in its promotion; never sold any of its stock or solicited anybody to buy any of its stock. My connection with it was entirely honorable and straightforward as I have above described.

"I am informed that about $39,000 in cash (not nearly $2,000,000 as published) have been paid to the company for stock, and to show that I do not wish to evade any responsibility in the matter, if any man relying upon my being president, or on my name being used in connection with this company during the time I was president, presents proof to me that he purchased any of the stock and paid cash to the company, I will take the stock from him and give him exactly what he paid for it in cash.

"Concerning my connection with the Security Life and Annuity company, with others, I sold my stock some years ago and soon after, at the request of the company's president, W. O. Johnson of Chicago, I again became a member of the board of directors and still serve in that capacity. The company is and always has been eminently successful.

"I believe it to be no more than just to myself to say that I am now and have been for the past twelve years president of the First National bank of Charleroi, Pa.; I am now and for several years have been secretary and treasurer of the Charleroi Savings and Trust company and have several other business connections—all prosperous—all well managed and all have the confidence of everyone connected with them."

AL. FARLEY'S HOUSE BURNED.

The Fire is Thought to Have Been of Incendiary Origin.

At about seven o'clock Monday evening the farm house of Constable A. G. Farley, located on the Cole creek road, near Farmers Valley, was discovered in flames and when seen it had such a start that the house and all its contents were completely consumed.

The origin of the fire is a mystery but the general belief is that it was of incendiary origin. Mr. Farley left the house, where he lives alone, between ten and eleven o'clock that morning, turning out all fires before so doing, and came to Smethport where he remained until he received a telephone message telling him of the fire.

Willing neighbors ran to the scene as soon as the fire was discovered but were too late to be of any assistance, and from those who were first there Mr. Farley learned things that, taken with the condition in which he left the place, lead him to think the building was set on fire. His loss is estiated at $1000, and he carried no insurance.

At first it was reported that he also lost all his books and papers connected with his office as assessor, but we have since been informed that this is not the case.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Miss Rose McKeehan to Wed Horace B. King, Lawyer.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Rose Vanderbuilt McKeehan of this place, to Horace Brown King, Esq., a prominent young attorney of Smethport, Pa. Miss McKeehan is a member of Carlisle's social set, and one of the most beautiful soprano soloists in the Cumberland Valley. For many years she was the soloist of the Second Presbyterian church choir, a member of the Lyric and Eurydice clubs of this place, Oratorio Society and at present chorister of the First Reformed church. She is commercial teacher in the Carlisle High School.

Mr. King was graduated from the Dickinson School of Law last year, and is very prominent in his home town.

Miss McKeehan entertained the Sewing Circle on Saturday afternoon at her home on South West street, and it was at this time when the pleasant news was announced.—Carlisle Herald.

TWO EXCELLENT ATTRACTIONS.

The Clifton Mallory Company Make A Big Hit Here.

The Clifton Mallory Company played two nights at the Lyceum this week and although the audiences were only fair sized, those who saw the productions were highly pleased. It is seldom that Smethport people have a chance to see such able actors as compose this company and it is too bad that better patronage was not given them.

Tuesday evening "David Garrick" was presented with Clifton Mallory and Ivah Brower in the leading roles, and an excellent supporting company. And last night the same people took the leading roles in "Caste." Every part in both plays was well taken and both were well staged. The leading man and woman received several curtain calls and better satisfied audiences have never left the Smethport Lyceum than after these two performances.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for The Miner.

TWO KILLED AND THREE BADLY HURT IN AUTO WRECK.

Mrs. J. E. Jackson and Little Son, of St. Marys, Lose Lives when Crushed Beneath Weight of Big Machine—Cause of Tire Burst.

Two persons were killed outright and three more or less injured in what was perhaps the worst automobile accident which has occurred in this section in many years, says Saturday's Ridgway Democrat, when the J. E. Jackson car of St. Marys, and driven by Frank Meyers of Johnsonburg, blew out a tire near Glen Hazel about 3:15 yesterday afternoon and pitched over a steep embankment.

Mrs. J. E. Jackson, wife of J. E. Jackson, manager of the Hall, Kaul and Hyde Company stores in St. Marys and Ridgway, was instantly killed.

John Jackson, aged six years, son of J. E. Jackson, pinned under car and killed instantly.

Frank Meyers, chauffeur, injured about head and side.

Mrs. Frances Hanlon Hyde-Kline, arm broken and otherwise injured.

Miss Charlotte Wilmot, slightly injured.

The party left St. Marys about two-thirty o'clock yesterday afternoon with the intention of touring about the northern section of the county for a couple of hours. According to the chauffeur, a tire blew out on one of the wheels as the car was descending a steep hill about a mile this side of Glen Hazel. The machine was traveling at a fair rate of speed at the time and when the driver endeavored to apply the brakes he found he could not, as they refused to work.

The car gained momentum every second that it sped at terrific speed down the steep grade. The occupants realized that it was but a question of life and death with the odds against them. All efforts to slacken the deadly speed of the automobile failed completely and the chauffeur concluded the most feasible plan in the terrible predicament would be to endeavor to steer the car along safely until it reached the level, where it would naturally slow up.

The hill was descended safely but at the bottom there is a sharp curve. The big machine instead of yielding to the desperate efforts of the driver to turn it plunged straight down over a high embankment and turned turtle.

Two farmers, Messrs. Dippold and Neubert, were driving along behind the car and observed it go over the bank. They hastened to the scene and found the little Jackson boy pinned under the car dead. They succeeded in removing him and carried him up onto the road. They then hurried to Glen Hazel at the behest of Mrs. Kline. Miss Wilmot and Mr. Meyers, for aid. Fourteen men responded and were shortly on the scene. They raised the big machine and discovered Mrs. Jackson buried beneath it. She was dead, and had several exterior scars about her body that indicated frightful injuries. The other three persons were not hurt badly, but were suffering greatly as a result of the mental agony experienced.

In the meantime, Mr. Jackson had been telephoned to at St. Marys. Dr. Kaul and John Kaul hastily made their automobiles ready, and accompanied by several others, Mr. Jackson was presently brought face to face with the terrible catastrophe. The sight was pitiful in the extreme, when he broke down completely.

The dead and injured were placed in the automobiles and brought back to St. Marys. Mrs. Jackson and her little son were taken to their home on Brussells street, while Mr. Meyers was removed to the Franklin house. The other two ladies were able to be about without assistance.

Wright House Cafe.

We are preparing a ladies' dining room to our cafe which will be ready Saturday, when we will be prepared to serve gentlemen and ladies alike with all kinds of sea food—lobsters, crabs, shell oysters and clams—together with all other delicacies the market affords. We solicit your patronage, guaranteeing good service and excellent cooking.

Oct. 27-1t The Wright House.

Bank Stock Wanted:

Will buy small blocks of stock in any bank in McKean county if prices are right. Address

1t-pd Box 458, New Castle, Pa.

Lost.

A yearling heifer, brindle in color, has been lost. Information concerning the same will be cheerfully received at this office. Oct. 6-tf.

AERONAUTS WERE FOUND YESTERDAY.

Hawley and Post Now On Their Way Home.

HAVE BEATEN ALL RECORDS.

America II Traveled 1,305 Miles and Landed in Saguenay District, Quebec—Dispatch Received from Spindler, Representing the Aero Club—Bennett Club Hawley's.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 26.—The following dispatch was received here early to-night, from Lewis Spindler, who was sent in search of the missing balloon, America II and its crew, Allan R. Hawley and August Post:

"Toronto, Ont.—Hawley landed in balloon America II, Saguenay district, Quebec, on the Poribonka river, Lake Chilogoma, on the 19th. All well and making for coast down the Saguenay river. Hawley wins Gordon Bennett cup and long distance record."

(Signed) "Lewis Spindler."

Hawley and Post's landing place, according to the telegram from Spindler, is about 120 miles northeast of Cocoonhe, Quebec; 1,185 miles, air line, from St. Louis, where the balloon Germania landed. This makes 1,305 miles air line distance covered by Hawley and Post in the balloon in the international race, breaking the world's record of 1,193 miles by Count De La Vaulx.

Chicatoumi, Que., Oct. 26.—"We had a beautiful trip," said Aeronaut Post to-night. "We crossed Lake Michigan and Lake Huron and followed what I should judge to be the route of the proposed Georgian Bay canal, and if you ask me, there is water enough in that section of the country not only to suit the canal but to float all the ships of the world.

"Then we crossed the Ottawa and floated over the forest of northern Quebec; passing over innumerable lakes and rivers. The country below us always was densely wooded. Finally on Wednesday morning we found that we were north of Lake St. John and going well and we had hopes that we would be able to continue the trip until we struck the Labrador coast.

"Unfortunately about 3 o'clock on Wednesday forenoon, the 19th, a storm came up and it became necessary to make a landing. We picked out a mountain and came down upon it and made an easy landing on the mountain side at an elevation of about 1,500 feet.

"This was at 3:45 p. m.

"It was near nightfall and we knew we were considerable distance from any settlement so we decided to pass the night in the basket of the balloon.

"The next morning we started for civilization, heading south. We had three days of strenuous exercise, with no more to eat than was absolutely necessary as we had to carry all our food as well as the blankets to cover us at night. And we needed these blankets badly, for we had two snowstorms on the way.

"On the fourth day we found the camp of Jack Matthias, a trapper. Unfortunately he was away from home. We, however, stayed there and enjoyed the hospitality of his hut for a day of much needed rest. Then four French Canadian trappers turned up and like good fellows brought us out by canoe to St. Ambroise, where we arrived this afternoon.

"As near as we can figure our landing place was about 58 miles north of Chicoutimi. There is rather a large lake near where we landed, Lake Piscoama and we landed between five and eight miles north. Two smaller lakes were also passed by us as we made our way through the woods.

"The country, there is very rough and our travel was necessarily slow and arduous in the extreme, as the brush was very dense and we had a hard time fighting our way through, but did not suffer any very severe hardships."

Ladies, Attention!

Mrs. M. H. Alvord is at the Wright House with a full line of art needle work and hand made Christmas Novelties direct from New York. Every one is cordially invited. Also has choice hand made Imported Laces. Can only remain to Saturday, October 29. Stamping and designing to order.

Oct. 29-1t

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

Lewis Barido Shoots Himself and His Mothin-in-Law Drops Dead.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 24.—(Special to the Era).—This morning at an early hour, Charles Dutchess and Lewis Barido started out for a day's hunting in the woods. They had reached a place in the rear of John Moynihan's farm when the latter catching sight of a bird, raised his gun and fired, the wounded bird going into the bushes. Both men started after the bird, but were unsuccessful in their quest. Both came out into the clearing and stepped upon a log to try and get a better view of the surroundings. Barido placed the gun with the butt on the log and the muzzle against his breast while he made a cigarette. As he did so the gun slipped from the log and in falling struck the hammer on a projection and it was discharged. The entire charge took effect in the man's breast and he fell over into the arms of his companion. As Dutchess held him upright, Barido said: "I am a dead one." That was the last word he spoke. Mr. Dutchess at once started for assistance and after going over a mile reached a farm house from which he telephoned to this city to Drs. Evan and Thos. Kane who started out for the scene of the accident. When Dr. Thomas Kane reached the unfortunate man he was dead. The gun shot had taken effect just below the heart and death must have come quickly.

Dr. Kane notified Coroner Sherman of Bradford, who gave Undertaker Smullins permission to take the body from the woods and prepare it for burial.

Lewis Barido was a flattener and had been employed at the plant of the American Window Glass company at James City. He leaves his widow and two smal children; his parents and one brother, Edward Barido, who is in the navy.

When word of the accidental death of Barido reached Mrs. Anna Barbara, his mother-in-law, she told her informant to have the body brought to her home and a moment later sank to the floor and expired. Her death was thought to be due to the shock of her son-in-law's untimely end. The woman had been in poor health for some time but had been able to be up and about the house. She leaves her husband, William Barbara, a harness maker, and nine children.

A Fake Scheme Exposed.

There is a fake scheme being worked in various parts of Pennsylvania, which Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, has exposed and is warning persons against. He has received many letters on this subject, the following of which is typical, coming from a correspondent in Collegeville:

"A man came into this section, stating he was authorized by the State to treat trees affected by San Jose scale, by inserting a poison filled capsule under the bark of the tree. This poison was to be carried by the sap to all parts of the tree, and so kill the scale.

"Is this treatment effective in killing the scale without injuring the trees? I shall be very grateful for information on this subject."

In reply to this Professor Surface said:

"His statements are false and his method is wrong. Several times unscrupulous persons have tried to gain the confidence and obtain money of the people of this State, by the statement that they are employed by this office or department. All such imposters should be arrested for false pretense, and such other charges as can be brought against them, and such imposition can then be checked, even if they cannot wholly be stopped.

"This office authorizes no persons to treat or destroy trees, excepting our regularly appointed inspectors, who carry certificates of appointment, stamped with the seal of the Department of Agriculture and properly signed. Also we do no work in treating trees, excepting that which is done as public demonstration work, inviting the public in to see how it is done, as a useful public lesson in the community. More than this, we do no other treatment of trees than the pruning and spraying, being assured that the best possible means of controlling the San Jose scale and certain other pests is by the use of the spray pump.

"No poison can be put into the system of the tree by injecting it under the bark in such manner that it will be taken up through the sap. You will find the safest, cheapest and most effective means of treating the San Jose scale to be thoroughly spraying with strong boiled lime-sulfur wash, applied at any time while the trees are dormant. If they are much infested you should make two applications, one just after the leaves drop, and another when the buds are swelling in the spring."

BERRY DEPOSITED $25,000.

And the Money Was Sent to a Bank That Had Failed.

Pittsburg, Oct. 25.—They have a good laugh in New Castle, the busy county seat of Lawrence county, when the superiority of William H. Berry, the Keystone candidate for governor, is mentioned. Berry, who proclaims himself and is proclaimed by his friends, the very apotheosis of the truly good and efficient in public service, gave one example of that efficiency in 1907, when he was state treasurer, that might have cost the state dear.

Berry sent a state deposit of $25,000 to the New Castle Savings and Trust company after the institution had failed and was in the hands of a receiver.

The bank, a state institution, became insolvent in February, 1907. Attorney J. H. Painter of Kittanning, Pa., was appointed receiver by Judge George Kunkel of the Dauphin county court. The insolvency hearing and the appointment of a receiver took place within a stone's throw of Berry's office in Harrisburg.

In July of that year—five months after the bank had failed, Receiver Painter was amazed to receive a check for $25,000 from State Treasurer Berry, the amount to be credited to the Commonwealth. The reciever was nonplussed. It was the most incomprehensible business proceeding he had ever encountered.

For three months Mr. Painter had possession of the check. Finally Berry awakened. There was a bombardment of letters directed to New Castle by the state treasurer. Mr. Painter answered immediately and sent back the $25,000 which Berry so ridiculously and carelessly turned over to the defunct financial institution.

Knowledge of the occurrence has chagrined the Berry followers in Lawrence county. It has set all that section to laughing. The voters are asking whether a man of such haphazard methods where the people's money is concerned is capable of occupying the highest office in the gift of the people of Pennsylvania.

District Attorney Thomas W. Dickey of Lawrence county, said of Berry's blunder:

"It was a most amazing proceeding on the part of Berry. Five months after the institution went into the hands of a receiver along came that large deposit from the state treasurer. Carlessness is hardly the word to be applied in reference to the matter." The loose business standards of Berry are best described by Attorney Painter, receiver of the New Castle Savings & Trust company:

"A number of causes led up to the failure of the bank," he said. "Prominent among them was the inability of the bank to realize quickly upon securities when pressed for funds. The doors were closed about February 9, 1907. For a time the state banker acted as temporary receiver, and later I was appointed receiver by Judge Kunkel, sitting in the Dauphin county court, Harrisburg.

"Along in July I received a check from Berry for $25,000 as a deposit for the institution. It certainly stumped me. The bank was insolvent, yet the State of Pennsylvania, through the state treasurer, made a deposit of $25,000.

"Although the incident amazed me very much, I also had to laugh. I never said anything about the matter, but put the check in a safe and waited for developments. Three months afterward, or about nine months after the bank failed, some person realized the blunder that had been made and wrote me, requesting the return of the check. I immediately sent it back."

Wanted.

A county manager for a first class New York state sick and accident insurance. A good contract to the person who can deliver the goods. Address Dist. Mgr., Protective Life Assurance Society, 166½ N. Union St., Olean, N. Y. Oct. 27-2t

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE GIRL AND THE GRAFT

A Breach of Promise Suit That Was Nipped in the Bud.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Co.]

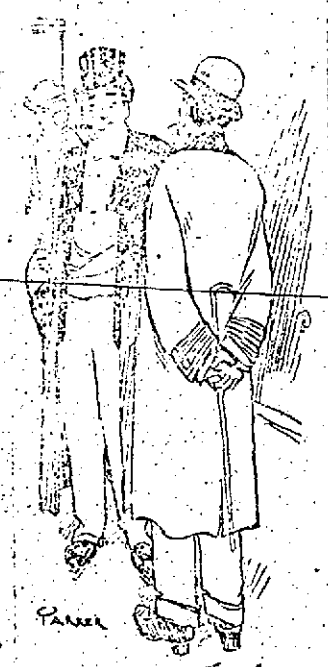
The other day I ran across my old friend Ferguson Pogue. Pogue is a conscientious grafter of the highest type. His headquarters is the western hemisphere, and his line of business is anything from speculating in town lots on the Great Staked Plains to selling wooden toys in Connecticut, made by hydraulic pressure from nutmegs ground to a pulp.

Now and then when Pogue has made a good haul he comes to New York for a rest. He says the jug of swine and loaf of bread and thou in the wilderness business is about as much rest and pleasure to him as sliding down the bumps at Coney would be to President Taft. "Give me," says Pogue, "a big city for my vacation, especially New York. I'm not much fond of New Yorkers, and Manhattan is about the only place on the globe where I don't find any."

While in the metropolis Pogue can always be found at one of two places. One is a little secondhand bookshop on Fourth avenue, where he feeds books about his hobbies, Mohammedanism and taxidermy. I found him at the office of a hall bedroom in Eighteenth street, where he sat in his stocking feet trying to pluck "The Banks of the Wabash" out of a small zither. Four years he has practiced this tune without arriving at a chord to rest the longest trout line to the writer's color. On the dresser lay a blued steel Colt's .45 and a light roll of bills and besides large enough around the belong to the spring rattlesnake story class. A chap combining with a media clothing air parted near by in the hall mirror to cover up to their scandalized by the stocking feet, against the Colt's, yet powerless, with her metropolitan instincts, to remove herself beyond the magic influence of the yellow-lined roll.

I sat on his trunk while Ferguson Pogue talked. No one could be franker or more candid in his conversation. Beside his expression the cry of Henry James for lateral nourishment at the age of one month would have seemed like a Chaldean cryptogram. He told me stories of his profession with pride, for he considered it an art. And I was curious enough to ask him whether he had known any woman who followed it.

"Ladies," said Pogue, with western chivalry. "Well, not to my great extent. They don't run out much in special lines of graft, because they're all so busy in general lines. What? Why, they have to. Who's got the money in the world? The men. Did you ever know a man to give a woman a dollar without any consideration? A man will spend out his last to another man free and easy and gratis. But if he drops a penny in one of the machines run by the Madame Eve's Daughters' Amalgamated association and the pineapple chewing gum don't fall out when he pulls the lever you



HE WAS ALL FROST.

can bet your life it's in the superintendent four blocks away. Man is the hardest proposition a woman has to go up against. He's a fox proposition, and you've got to work position to make him part. Two years ago I was [illegible] and cost by two shots. Both [illegible] on and [illegible] on the price. [illegible] a policeman [illegible] what they got, and it hurt their tender hands. Some of 'em are natural slide troughs and can carry one $2,000 to the ton. The city ones have to depend on clothes, false hair, sympathy, the Lorraine walk, cowhide grips, ability to cook, sentimental furies, conversational powers, silk underskirts, ancestry, rouge, anonymous letters, violet sachet powders, witnesses, revolvers, pneumatic forms, carbolic acid, moonlight, cold cream and the evening newspapers."

"You are outrageous, Ferg," I said. "Surely there is none of this 'graft,' as you call it, in a perfect and harmonious matrimonial union."

"Well," said Pogue, "nothing that would justify you every time in calling up police headquarters and ordering out the reserves and a vaudeville manager on a dead run. But it's this way: Suppose you're a Fifth avenue millionaire, *sporting high, on the right* side of coppers and cappers.

"You come home at night and bring a $9,000,000 diamond brooch to the lady who's staked you for a chain. You hand it over. She says, 'Oh, George!' and looks to see if it's backed. She comes up and kisses you. You've waited for it. You get it. All right. It's graft.

"But I'm telling you about Artemisia Blye. She was from Kansas, and she suggested corn in all of its phases. Her hair was as yellow as the silk, her form was as tall and graceful as a stalk in the low grounds during a wet summer, her eyes were as big and startling as buttons, and green was her favorite color.

"On my last trip into the cool recesses of your sequestered city I met a human named Vaucross. He was worth—that is, he had a million. He told me he was in business on the street. 'A sidewalk merchant?' says I, sarcastic. 'Exactly,' says he, 'senior partner of a paving concern.'

"I kind of took to him for this reason: I met him on Broadway one night when I was out of heart, luck, tobacco and place. He was all silk hat, diamonds and front. He was all front. If you had gone behind him you would have only looked yourself in the face. I looked like a cross between Count Tolstoy and a June lobster. I was out of luck. I had— But let me lay my eyes on that dealer again.

"Vaucross stopped and talked to me a few minutes, and then he took me to a high toned restaurant to eat dinner. There was music and then some Beethoven and Pardelaise suite, and cussing in French and frang'pang and some hauteur and cigarettes. When I am flush I know them places.

"I reckon I must have looked as bad as a man like artist-stiffs there walk at any money, and my talk all mingled about I was hooked to read a chapter from Elsie's School Days at a Brooklyn bohemian smoker. But Vaucross treated me like a bear minder's cubby. He wasn't afraid of hurting the waiter's feelings.

"Mr. Pogue," he explains to me, 'I am going [illegible] you.'

"'Go on,' says I. 'I hope you don't wake up.'

"'And then he tells me, you know, the kind of man he was. He was a New Yorker. His whole ambition was to be noticed. He wanted people to point him out and bow to him and tell others who he was. He said it had been the desire of his life always. He didn't have but a million, so he couldn't attract attention by spending money. He said he tried to get into public notice one time by planting a little public square on the east side with garlic for free use of the poor, but Carnegie heard of it and covered it over at once with a library in the Gaelic language. Three times he had jumped in the way of automobiles, but the only result was five broken ribs and a notice in the papers that an unknown man five feet ten, with four amalgam filled teeth, supposed to be the last of the Talcomb Red Leary gang, had been run over.

"'Ever try the reporters?' I asked him.

"'Last month,' says Mr. Vaucross, 'my expenditure for ink fees to reporters was $12,850.'

"'Get anything out of it?' I asks.

"'That reminds me,' says he; 'add $8.50 for postage. Yes, I got fascination.'

"'How am I supposed to push along your scramble for prominence?' I inquire. 'Contrast?'

"'Something of that sort, tonight,' says Vaucross. 'It grieves me, but I am forced to resort to eccentricity.' And here he drops his napkin in his soup and rises up and bows to a gent who is devastating a potato under a palm across the room.

"'The police commissioner,' says my climber, gratified. 'Friend,' says I, 'in a hurry, have ambitions, but don't kick a rung out of your ladder. When you use me as a stepping stone to salute the police you spoil my appetite on the grounds that I may be degraded and intimidated. Be thoughtful.'

"'As the Quaker City squab eh cas scrole the idea about Artemisia Blye comes to me.

"'Suppose I can manage to get you in the papers,' says I—'a column or two every day in all of 'em and your picture in most of 'em for a week. How much would it be worth to you?'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' says Vaucross, warm in a minute. 'But no murder,' says he, 'and I won't wear pink pants at a cotillion.'

"'I wouldn't ask you to,' says I. 'This is low cards, so fish and meet [illegible]. Tell the waiter to drink a demitasse and some other drink, and I will discuss in you the opus modern and.'

"We closed the deal an hour later in the roseate tongue of noise vogue. I telegraphed that night to Miss Artemisia in Salina. She took a couple of photographs and an autograph letter to an elder in the Fourth Presbyterian church in the morning and got some transportation and $40. She stopped in Topeka long enough to trade a flashlight like for and a valentine to the vice president of a trust company for a mileage book and a package of five dollar notes with $200 scrawled on the band.

"The fifth evening after she got my wire she was waiting, all decollete and dressed up, for me and Vaucross to take her to dinner in one of these New York feminine apartment houses where a man can't get in unless he plays bezique and smokes depilatory powder cigarettes.

"'She's a stunner,' says Vaucross when he saw her. 'They'll give her a two column cut sure.'

"This was the scheme the three of us concocted. It was business straight through. Vaucross was to rush Miss Blye with all the style and display and emotion he could for a month. Of course that amounted to nothing as far as his ambitions were concerned. The sight of a man in a white tie and patent leather pumps pouring greenbacks through the large end of a cornucopia to purchase nutriment and heartsease for tall, willowy blonds in New York is as common a sight as blue turtles in delirium tremens. But he was to write her love letters—the worst kind of love letters, such as your wife publishes after you are dead—every day. At the end of the month he was to drop her and she would bring suit for $100,000 for breach of promise.

"Miss Artemisia was to get $10,000 if she won the suit that was all. And

THERE STOOD VAUCROSS AND MISS ARTEMISIA.

if she lost she was to get it anyhow. There was a signed contract to that effect.

"Sometimes they had me out with 'em, but not often. I couldn't keep up to their style. She used to pull out his notes and criticise them like bills of trading.

"'Say, you,' she'd say, 'what do you call this—letter to a hardware merchant from his nephew on learning that his aunt has a cottonlus? You eastern dollies know as little about writing love letters as a Kansas grasshopper does about mutuals. "My dear—Miss Blye!" Would that jolt pink lying and a Leslie bed sugar until on your tinful ears? How long do you expect to [illegible] an audience in a courtroom, with that kind of stuff? You want to get down to business and call her "Twosiums dove" and "Honeysuckle" and sign yourself "Mamma's Own Big Bad Pussy Wazzy-Bear" if you want any sentiment to concentrate upon your sparse hairs. Get busy.'

"After that Vaucross spent his [illegible] like somebody on stage in the [illegible]. I began to [illegible] and would tearing one another's hair out by the head. And [illegible] to Mr. Vaucross as much [illegible] as Archbishop Carnegie or the Brooklyn bridge or cheese or [illegible]. He seemed mighty pleased at the prospects.

"They arrived on a night, and I stood on Fifth avenue outside a solemn restaurant and watched 'em. A prowess server walked in and handed Vaucross the papers at his table. Everybody looked at 'em, and he looked as proud as Cicero. I went back to my room and lit a five cent cigar, for I knew the $10,000 was as good as ours.

"About two hours later somebody knocked at my door. There stood Vaucross and Miss Artemisia, and she was clinging—yes, sir, clinging—to his arm. And they tells me they'd been out and got married. And they articulated some trivial cadences about *love and such*. And they laid down a bundle on the table and said 'Good night' and left.

"And that's what I say," concluded Ferguson Pogue, "that a woman is too busy occupied with her natural vocation and instinct of graft such as is given her for self-preservation and amusement to make any great success in special lines."

"What was in the bundle that they left?" I asked, with my usual curiosity.

"Why," said Ferguson, "there was a scalper's railroad ticket as far as Kansas City and two pairs of Mr. Vaucross' old pants."

Seasons of the Past.

Irate Guest—Look here, waiter, what kind of a dinner was that you served me? Why, the vegetables were stale.

Waiter (bristling up)—Yo' am wrong, sah. I served yo' wid all the delicacies of de season.

Irate Guest—Which season?—Chicago News.

HIS QUICK LUNCH.

A Cleveland Man's Experience In a Toronto Restaurant.

The Canadian brother certainly differs from us in several strongly marked respects. A Cleveland man went into the leading restaurant of Toronto and said to the waiter in his customary quick lunch voice:

"Crackers 'n' milk—cup coffee—apple pie."

The waiter bent a little lower.

"Beg pardon, sir!"

The Cleveland man said it again and, being slightly irritated, said it faster.

The waiter shook his head.

"I'm afraid we haven't it, sir," he deprecated, as Hashimura Togo might say.

"Haven't you any crackers?"

"No, sir." Then, with a sudden inspiration, "We have biscuits, sir."

"All right; bring me biscuits. And you can give me some milk, can't you—milk in a bowl?"

"I'll inquire, sir." Then another inspiration. "We can give you coffee, sir."

"Good! How about the apple pie?"

"No, sir. We've never had it to my knowledge, sir. I think there's no call for it." Another inspiration. "We have apple tart, sir."

"Fine! Bring me biscuits 'n' milk—coffee—apple tart, and be as quick as possible, please."

But it was *exactly* thirty-seven minutes later when the Cleveland man brushed away the crumbs and reached for his hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOLD THE RIGHT IDEALS.

Latent Courage and the Power of Mental Suggestion.

We not only can strengthen mental weaknesses and deficiencies, but it is perfectly possible to increase the general ability through the power of suggestion, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. Indeed, the susceptibility of all the mental faculties to improvement, to enlargement, is something remarkable.

Sometimes very strong faculties are latent until especially aroused. There are many people who pass for cowards, who are humiliated because they have so little courage, when, if they only knew how, they could strengthen this deficient faculty wonderfully by holding the courageous ideal, by thinking and doing the courageous deeds, by carrying the thought of fearlessness, by reading about heroic lives, by constantly thinking the heroic *thought and trying to live it*. The courage may be small in a person because it has never been called into sufficient exercise. It may need only to be aroused. There are many people living lives of mediocrity who might do great things, might become mental giants, if their dormant faculties were aroused their general ability improved and enlarged.

The Number Nine.

There were nine earths, according to mediaeval cosmogony, nine heavens, nine rivers of hell and nine orders of angels. The number being perfection since it represented divinity was often used to signify a great quantity as in the phrases, "A nine days' wonder," "A cat has nine lives" and "Nine tailors make a man." In Scotland a distempered cow was cured by washing her in nine surfs. To see nine maidpies was considered extremely lucky. Nine knots made in a black woolen thread served as a charm in the case of a sprain. It was also believed and is still by some that if a servant girl finds nine green peas in one pod and lays them on the window sill the first man that enters will be her beau. Nine grains of wheat laid on a four leaved clover enables one, it is said, to see the fairies.

The Curse of Genius.

The somber, long haired, seedy looking man was speaking in a voice of rolling thunder.

"A million times a million fateful curses sit balefully athwart his fateful head of tow! Through the gloomy eons may his black soul flit homeless for ever!"

"Off his balance, I suppose?" observed the stranger.

"Oh, no," said Smith; "that's Rimer, the well known poet, swearing at the editor who rejected his verses."—Puck.

No Practical Difference.

"I made a mistake," said young Mrs. Torkins, "and picked up my locket instead of the little gold watch you gave me."

"Never mind," replied her husband. "The only difference is that the watch doesn't tell time and the locket doesn't even pretend to."—Washington Star.

Knew What They Were.

Examiner—Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are? First Boy—Vowels, zur? Ess, of course I can. Examiner—Tell me, then, what are vowels? First Boy (grinning at the simplicity of the question)—Vowels, zur? Why, vowls be chickens!—London Answers.

Sundays Only.

Mrs. Hortic—Your husband's business keeps him out of town all the week, I understand? Mrs. Doyle—Yes, he is at home only one day. I call him my Sunday supplement.—New York Press.

The Easy Way.

"You must take rigorous exercise if you expect to regain your health."

"Aw, shucks, doc! why can't I take some kind of a patent pill?"—Kansas City Journal.

No man or boy is ever the slightest good in this world unless he has ambition.—Lord Stanley.

Quakers Never "Nervous."

It is not to my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such causation.—From "Self Help For Nervous Women," by Dr. Kearsley Mitchell.

A Remarkable Man.

John Ziska, the great Hussite leader of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His life story reads like a romance. Nothing in history is more interesting, more thrilling, than the account of his heroic deeds. Though blind and always greatly outnumbered, Ziska invariably beat his enemies and established for himself a fame that will last forever. He was never beaten in a battle. His very name was a terror to his enemies. He died in 1424, while besieging Prazabislaw, at the age of sixty-four.—New York American.

Spoons.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the culabash or the use of the cocoanut shell and later on to the spoon.

Didn't Know "the Uncle."

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Snedder must be a very neat person. Uncle—And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George as his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

Mistook the Punctuation.

The Young Woman surprised and indignant—How dared you kiss me, sir! Penitent Young Man—Why, you said you'd like to see me try! The Young Woman—But you misunderstood me as I didn't say it with an exclamation point at the end!—Chicago Tribune.

The Accent Sarcastic.

He (at the end of a fishing story)—My word, it was a monster! Upon my word, I never saw such a fish in all my life! She—I don't believe you ever did!—London Mail.

Riches are able to solder up an abundance of flaws.—Cervantes

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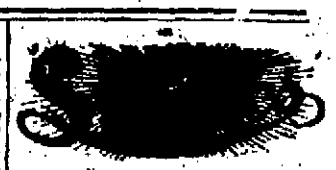
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We have just received a full line of up-to-date Heating Stoves.

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W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1910.

Local and General.

—Vote the straight Republican ticket.

—One week from next Tuesday is election day.

—Hunting accidents are numerous, therefore be careful.

—Vote for Bell and Redfield for Members of Assembly.

—Read what Daly & Garlick have to say in their space this week.

—The Travellers' Club meet at the home of Mrs. W. H. Morrison, Saturday, Oct. 21.

—The branch sewer on Pine street is being extended from King street to Green street.

—Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick entertained at her home on West Main street the Bridge Whist Club last evening.

—St. Margaret's Guild of St. Luke's church will hold a rummage sale, Nov. 8, 9 and 10 at the Raymer building.

—A new cement walk is belong laid in front of the residence of Mrs. Freeman Chadwick on West Main street.

—"Boots and Saddles," a strong Western drama, will be at the Bradford theatre to-morrow night with Miss Charlotte Walker in the leading role.

—The attack on John K. Tener's character, made by the North American and other newspapers, is acting as a boomerang when the facts are known and he is gaining strength here every day.

—The people of Smethport and vicinity should show their appreciation of Supt. Bayle's efforts to give them the very best of institute entertainments, by filling the Lyceum every night next week.

—Jack Johnson, the world's champion pugilist, went down to easy defeat on Tuesday when at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., he stacked up against Barney Oldfield in an automobile race for $5,000. Mr. Johnson wasn't in it for a minute.

—An Olean dispatch tells a great story about a hunter running onto a den of sixteen rattle snakes near Eldred a few days ago, one of which bit him on the finger, nearly costing him his life, and the later capture of fourteen of the reptiles. As there are probably not that many rattle snakes in the confines of McKean county, this story sounds rather "snaky."

—The local newspaper is really a tireless letter writer if nothing more. Week after week, year after year it goes on telling of marriages, births, deaths, the coming and going of people, of business successes or failures, accidents, crops, improvements, meetings, socials—well, in fact events of all kinds. All is grist that comes to the hopper of a good local newspaper. If you should undertake to write a letter each week to an absent friend and tell half the news found in your local newspaper you would give up in despair. People in a live town recognize this and take pleasure in giving items you would not learn otherwise.

—An English friar is said to have discovered the North Pole 550 years ago.

—Two safes in Room No. 6 in the Wagner block, were opened by burglars Sunday afternoon and some money stolen. The room is occupied for office purposes by A. M. Boardman and J. N. Jaynes. Each man has a safe and both contained money yesterday. Mr. Boardman was in the office at noon and when he returned again, at 3 o'clock, he found that the safes had been rifled. Neither one had been locked and it was an easy matter for the burglar to do his work. Mr. Jaynes was robbed of over $30 in currency. Some silver was left in the bottom of the cash drawer. Mr. Boardman's loss was only $2. There were a number of checks and money orders in the drawer with the money, but they were not taken. Room 6 is at the top of the stairs on the second floor and the interior is plainly visible from the hallway. The robbery was an extremely nervy one.—Bradford Star-Record.

—The writer had the pleasure of seeing the crop of apples picked from the D. C. Young farm near Smethport last Saturday. This orchard was one of those used for spraying demonstrations, and shows very convincingly the benefits of spraying and the value of orchards in this county when properly cared for. The orchard consisted of about thirty trees, and there were picked from it 140 bushels of as fine a crop of Northern Spy apples as anyone would wish to see, every one of them perfect, 13 bushels of second grade apples, and but two or three bushels of poor apples. Another orchard near Larabee which had not been sprayed, produced a fair lot of apples, but they were entirely worthless, showing that the good results in the first orchard were due almost entirely to spraying. Apple trees should be sprayed from one to three times a year, and produce as good a crop for the amount of labor involved as anything on the farm.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The New York company that has been presenting the sensationally successfully Viennese operetta, "The Merry Widow," in the large eastern cities this season is announced at the Bradford Theatre on Saturday, Oct. 29, matinee and evening. Henry W. Savage has again given this production an elaborate mounting, equal if not superior to any of his operatic successes, and his name has stood for years foremost among the ranks of musical producers. The first act setting shows the interior of the Marsovian Embassy in Paris during the progress of a state ball, and is a dazzling riot of color. The second act setting, showing a beautiful summer garden on the night of a festival, is full of an intangible and evanescent charm with its rose arbors and its summer house bathed in the light of the silvery moon. The third setting, showing the interior of Maxim's restaurant in Paris, is an exact reproduction of that famous all-night resort. The scene presented is a rollicking whirlwind of reckless abandon and care free gayety.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastwardly at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eyeclean see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Not only has it a very fine gauntlet, but it is like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep, violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all!" So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was, with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "'Pon my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Berlinger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spoiled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Japanese Children.

The Japanese child is exceedingly shy and retiring before its elders, and girls are taught to practice this more than boys. In the morning as soon as they are up the children go to their parents in turn, bow their heads to the ground and say "Good morning" or "How is your honorable health?" Before a meal they lift the chopsticks to their foreheads and bow in thanks, whether their parents are present or not, for the meal set before them. Before going out to school or elsewhere and on returning they must kneel before the mother and bow. When father or mother go out the children must go to the porch, kneel down and say "Deigu to go forth" or "Honorable return," as the case may be. As soon as infants can bow their heads the nurses train them in these respectful salutations.—Exchange.

Wesley and Tea.

In his younger days John Wesley found it difficult to stop drinking tea. He wrote to 1736: "We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society can't be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expect some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and accordingly the first three days my head ached and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. On Thursday my headache was gone, my memory as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects from that day to this."

Later in life Wesley returned to the use of tea, as his tea-pot preserved in his house in London shows.—Chicago News.

Once a Sailor Always a Sailor.

Charitable institutions often find it hard to learn the occupations of those admitted. A man who has followed several trades when asked his occupation names the one he regards as most dignified, even if he has not followed it for years. The Survey tells of a case that happened in the Cook County Infirmary. The man at the age of nineteen was a sailor for one year. His career as a sailor ended with an accident on the ship by which he lost a leg. For the next thirty-six years he took various jobs as caretaker and the like, such as a crippled person can obtain. Yet when after thirty-six years of independence he was finally forced to take refuge in a poorhouse he puts himself down on the entrance card as a sailor, and one feels in that word the pride of a Norse son of the sea.

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

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Everything in Ready-to-Wear shown and sold here on a great scale and at Reduced Prices. The word "garment" naturally suggests Suits, Coats, Furs, Skirts and Waists; and, of course, these second-floor stocks will be prominent during **Garment Days;** besides, Millinery, Corsets, Flannelette Wear, Undermuslins, Sweaters, Petticoats, and Infants' Clothes. But our Main Floor also plays a leading part in this distribution of Ready-to-wear Apparel. You will profit by daily sale of Gloves, Hosiery, Knit Underwear, Shoes, Veiling, Neckwear, Leather Belts and Bags, Jewelry, Umbrellas, Men's Furnishings, Boys' or Youths' Clothing. ¶**The object of Garment Week is to let more people know how completely prepared this store is—at all times—to supply women's and children's Ready-to-wear wants—from head to foot—and to emphasize our able apparel service for men and boys.** Each day will have big sensations in new apparel, well worth your presence here. If you cannot come in person, shop by mail. But why not take a day off—see just what you're buying—have it properly fitted. You'll more than save your expenses, during our **Garment Days.**

McKean County Miner

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Address all communications to HARRY L. HACKER, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1910.

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For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The King of Siam died Sunday morning.

The Bradford Era aptly remarks: Samuel E. Bell is a hustler for the straight Republican ticket. He is an active factor in the present campaign and on that account he is made the target of the opposing press. But the people of McKean county know Sam and they will be on hand to vote for him on election day.

Mr. Redfield is for the straight Republican ticket, despite the efforts of some of his friends to play him in a different role. He is being "attacked" because of his Republicanism, by the opposition press but that fact will only have the effect of tightening Republican party lines in his behalf.

On Saturday last Dr. H. H. Crippen was convicted of the murder of his wife, Belle Elore Crippen, in London. He has been sentenced to the death penalty which is to take place on Tuesday, Nov. 8. On Tuesday, after a trial lasting but a few hours, a jury found Ethel Clara Leneve not guilty as an accessory after the fact. The jury was out only about three minutes. Miss Leneve was in love with Dr. Crippen and slept in his house on the night of the day following the day upon which the doctor murdered his wife and buried the dismembered parts in the cellar of his Hilldrop Crescent home. She accompanied Crippen in his flight to Canada, and with him was arrested and indicted.

In New York on Monday night three women and one man, each reputed to be more than one hundred years old, were among those rescued when a fire broke out in the cellar of the home of the Daughters of Jacob. There were 105-year old women in the home, and in an annex were 80-year old men. But few of the inmates were able to make their way to the street without assistance. Mrs. Esther Davis, who is reported to be 116 years old, was one of the first rescued by two policemen, who carried her down the stairs. Mrs. B. Marcus, said to be 106 years old and a donator of the home, and Meindel Diamond, who is recorded as being 108 years old, were also carried out through dense smoke.

Republicans and Democrats alike admire the sturdy honesty of Edwin S. Stuart, governor of Pennsylvania. They all know he is a man whose sterling qualities cannot be gainsaid. If then one half the stories that a Philadelphia newspaper has been printing about John K. Tener were true or if they had the resemblance of truth, would Mr. Stuart take the stump in his behalf? Yet Mr. Stuart has taken the stump and is urging the election of John K. Tener, the Republican candidate for Governor. This fact alone, is enough to indicate the untruthfulness of the slanderous articles, which are only printed to inflame the prejudices of the people in the hope that they will detract votes from the Republican nominee.

In an address at a massmeeting in Harrisburg on Monday, Gov Edwin S. Stuart, in speaking of John K. Tener said:

"I am here to-night as a Republican in favor of the candidates of the Republican party. I had to-day a frank and manly talk with the gubernatorial nominee and he assures me that he understands thoroughly the responsibilities of the great office for which he is a candidate, and, if elected, his only ambition will be to give an honorable administration in the midst and for the benefit of all the people of Pennsylvania. He assures me that there are no other obligations to ask him, or to make him do anything else, and the one thing he desires and the one thing he will do, that on every question coming before him for his approval, or action, he will use his judgment and be guided by what he thinks is for the best benefit of Pennsylvania and her people."

The political situation in McKean county is quite satisfactory, says the Bradford Star-Record. The candidate for congress, Charles E. Patton of Curwensville, will carry the county by a fine majority and the Republican candidates for the assembly, Samuel E. Bell and Horace H. Redfield, will represent this county in the lower house of the next state legislature. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. Mr. Patton has made a very good impression on McKean county voters. Until recently he was a stranger to most of them, but down in his home county, and all through that section of the State he and the family of which he is a member, are well known and held in the highest respect. Mr. Patton is a business man, whose whole career has been clean and on the square, and his life has been an open book,—lived cleanly, in a way that has won him respect and esteem from his boyhood up to the present time. His canvass for the nomination was conducted after the manner in which his whole life has been lived,—decently and in good order. He will make a good congressman and his election is one of the sure things of this campaign.

when a boy to earn his own living, and knows Samuel E. Bell. He left school when a boy to earn his own living, and he made good from the start. He was a railroad telegrapher, and after that he entered business life and from that went into politics. He served as prothonotary in so able a manner that the county considered itself most fortunate in having such a man in the office. Never was there a more painstaking, more accomodating official in the service of the people. Every duty the office called for he performed well, and he went out of his way in many instances to accomodate people who wanted to know this or that, or who wanted something done that the prothonotary could do. As a public servant he more than made good. He will make an excellent representative in the legislature and the people should put him there as they put him in the prothonotary's office, because he has the ability and the determination to perform his work well.

Horace H. Redfield is now in public life, but he has been a business man since his youth. He is a life-long resident of the county. He knows its needs, and at Harrisburg will look carefully after them. He is a man of business integrity and all who know him esteem him highly.

Vote for Patton and Bell and Redfield and the 21st congressional district and McKean county will be represented by good men.

The Ten Cent Oleomargarine Tax.

Why did the Congress of the United States enact the present oleomargarine law which provides for in internal revenue tax of ten cents per pound on artificially colored oleomargerine? Was it to permit the butter producers of the country to exact a high price for butter as has been claimed? To make such a claim is a pretty serious indictment of our federal law making body. Of course butter is higher in price than it was ten years ago, but so are other necessities of life. The percentage of oleomargarine now being put upon the market bears a higher ratio to the amount of butter consumed than it did ten years ago. This coupled with the fact that less than three per cent. of the oleomargarine sold is taxed at ten cents per pound proves that the oleomargarine law has absolutely nothing to do with the price of butter.

Congress enacted this law to prevent fraud in the sale of oleomargarine. The law was never intended to prevent the honest sale of oleomargarine or to enhance the interests of the butter producers of the country, but rather to protect the one against fraud in the purchase of butter or oleomargarine and the other against fraudulent competition.

Congress intended to compel the sale of oleomargarine in its natural color (which is white, or nearly so), instead of in the natural color of butter (which is yellow). Congress at the same time reduced the former tax of two cents per pound on oleomargarine to one-fourth of a cent per pound when the product is not artificially colored to look like butter.

Congress used its taxing power to prevent fraud in the sale of oleomargarine because it had no other effective means of accomplishing that result. When oleomargarine is put upon the market in its natural color, thus making it impossible to commit fraud, the tax is one and three-fourths cents less per pound than under any previous oleomargarine law.

The butter producers of the country are benefitted by oleomargarine legislation only in so far as the intergity of the dairy industry is sustained—a benefit which is shared by every other citizen. It is a most important branch of agriculture and it is quite as essential to prevent the destruction of an agricultural industry by fraud as it is to prevent the destruction of our banking industry or any of the other industries in which every good citizen is interested.—The National Dairy Union.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Annual Session of County Teachers and Directors, Oct 31-Nov. 4.

The McKean County Teachers' Institute will be held in the Court house, Smethport, Oct. 31 to Nov. 4.

Sessions will be held each half day from Monday noon until Friday noon, beginning at 9:00 a. m., and 1:30 p. m.

Evening Entertainments — Lyceum. (Programs start at 8:15 sharp.)

Monday, Oct. 31—New York Ladies Trio, Instrumental, Vocal and Reading.

Tuesday, Nov. 1—Annual High School contest, Kane vs. Smethport. Special music, Y. M. C. A. Male Quartet, Bradford; vocal solos by Miss Irma Wells and Dr. Cogswell.

Wednesday, Nov. 2—Selection, quartet; monologue, "The Third Degree," (by Chas. Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse") Miss Maude Willis.

Thursday, Nov. 3—Concert, the Wilbur Starr Quartet Co., Chicago.

Daily Program.

(General meetings in court room)

MONDAY.

1:30—Devotionals
1:45—Dr. Gordinier, "The First Lesson"
2:30—Singing, led by Dr. Cogswell
2:50—Recess
3:00—Selection, Miss Willis
3:15—Dr. Ellis, "The Business of the Public School"
4:00Adjournment
8:15—Entertainment, Lyceum

TUESDAY.

9:00—Devotionals
9:10—Mrs. Olcott, "A Stumbling Block in Reading and Language"
9:50—Dr. Cogswell, Institute singing
10:20—Miss Willis, "The Real and the Ideal"
11:00—Recess
11:15—Departmental work
Primary, court room, Mrs. Olcott "The Aldine Method"
Grammar, public school, Dr. Ellis, "The Teacher's Attitude"
High school, library, Dr. Gordinier "Teaching a Poem"
12:00—Adjournment
1:30—Dr. Ellis, "The School and the Home"
2:15—Vocal solo, Dr. Cogswell
2:30 Institute singing
2:45—Recess
3:00—Selection, Miss Willis
3:20—Dr. Gordinier, "Ich Dien" (I Serve)
4:00—Adjournment
8:15—Entertainment, Lyceum

WEDNESDAY

9:00—Devotionals
9:15—Business Meeting Teachers' Association
9:30—Miss Willis, "Tendencies in Literature"
10:15—Dr. Cogswell, Institute singing
10:45—Recess
11:00 Departmental work
Primary, Mrs. Olcott, Model Class Aldine Method
Grammar, Miss Willis, "Language Studies."
High School, Dr. Ellis, "The School Problem."
Directors' Association, Supt. Sweeney.
11:45—Adjournment
1:30—Mrs. Olcott, "Cold Iron"
2:15—Selection, Miss Willis
2:30—Recess
2:45—Dr. Cogswell
3:15—Dr. Ellis, "The School and the State"
4:00—Adjournment
8:15—Entertainment, Lyceum

THURSDAY

9:00—Devotionals
9:15—Mrs. Olcott, "A Modern Knight"
10:00—Reading, Miss Wells
10:15—Dr. Cogswell, Institute Singing
10:45—Recess
11:00—Departmental Work.
Primary, Mrs. Olcott, Model Class Dramatizing
Grammar, Miss Willis, "Fundamental Requirements"
High School, Dr. Ellis, "Moral Training"
11:45—Adjournment
1:30—Miss Willis, "Interpretation"
2:15—Vocal Solo, Dr. Cogswell
2:30—Institute Singing
2:45—Recess
3:00—Dr. Ellis, "The School and Society"
3:45—Selection, Miss Willis
4:00—Adjournment
8:15—Entertainment, Lyceum.

FRIDAY

9:00—Devotionals
9:15—Mrs. Olcott, "Inherited Memory"
9:55—Dr. Cogswell
10:20—Recess
10:35—Selection, Quartet
10:50—Dr. Ellis, "The Real Pedagogue"
11:30—Adjournment

Program for Directors' Association. (Grand Jury Room)

Wednesday, 10 A. M. President's Address.
10:30. Medical Inspection in the Schools, Dr. M. J. Sweeney, Kane.
11:15. "Township Supervision," Prof. Frederick H. Gaige, Warren, Pa.
12:00—Adjournment.
1:30 P. M. Business and Questions.
2:00. "Elementary Science," E. K. Kane, Hamlin Twp.
2:15. "The School and the State," Dr. C. C. Ellis.
4:00. Adjournment.

Thursday, 9:00 A. M. Devotional Exercises.
9:15. "A Modern Knight," Mrs. E. H. Olcott.
10:00. Reading, Miss Maude Willis.
10:15. Music, Dr. Hamlin E. Cogswell.
10:45. Recess.
11:00. "Moral Training," Dr. Ellis.
11:45. Adjournment.
1:30 P. M. "Interpretation," Miss Willis.
2:15. Music, Dr. Cogswell.
2:45. Recess.
3:00. "The School and Society," Dr. Ellis.
3:45. Selection, Miss Willis.
4:00. Adjournment.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List or Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the ending Oct. 22, 1910:

Miss Ruth Janders
Mrs. Charles Dell

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Pennsylvania type C, Four Cylinder Touring Car, 1909, Five Passenger. Cost fully equipped, $3500.00. Will sell for half. Run less than 6,000 miles. Tires new. Overhauled and repainted at factory last winter. Address MELVILLE GILLETT, Aug. 25-tf Smethport, Pa.

Legal Blanks.

The Miner has carried a pretty good line of legal blanks for many years past and now we have decided to give this department more attention than ever. We propose to keep in stock practically all the different kinds of blanks used to any extent by lawyers and justices of the peace, and we solicit the patronage of everyone in this vicinity using such blanks. Not that we have not received a liberal share of the business in the past, but, as we are going into it more extensively we want and expect to get more business by having a larger stock to select from and by giving all orders either mail or telephone, prompt attention.

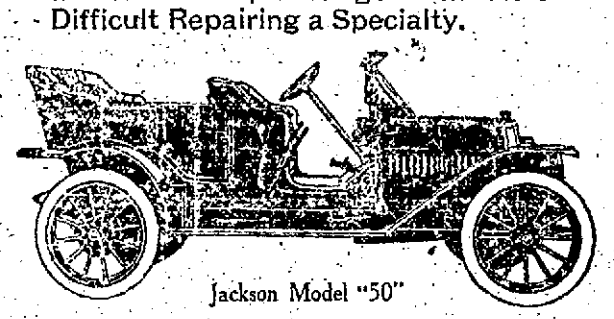
Our prices compare favorably with those of outside concerns when material and workmanship is considered. We have branches in the Port Allegany Argus and Eldred Eagle offices where any of the ordinary blanks can be secured by patrons from those places and if either place does not have the blank you need the manager will get it for you on short notice. Try them and get in the habit of using Miner blanks exclusively.

WAVERLY SPECIAL
AUTO OIL
Lubrication Without Carbon
Good oil is a mighty factor in increasing speed and decreasing troubles. Waverly Special is ideal for either air-cooled or water-cooled cars. Absolutely free from carbon—light and thin—feeds easily—will not congeal.
Your dealer has it—if not, write to us. A test will convince you.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS COMPANY
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Makers of "Waverly" Gasoline

Tell Me
YOUR WANTS
And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC. Second door from the POST OFFICE.
E. W. STRONG

Hats Hats Hats
First showing of Stetson and Miller-Allaire New Fall Hats.
$1.00, $2.00, 3.00, 3.50 AND $4.00
Styles.
A good assortment
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT
INNER TUBES
FULL VALUE
Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.
Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport Garage
WILL BE OPEN FOR BUSINESS
SEPT. 1, 1910,
In the Rooney barn on Water Street, west of Smethport Bottling Works, and solicit the patronage of autoists.
Difficult Repairing a Specialty.

Jackson Model "50"
D. B. WASSON, Agent for
Sterns Jackson and Fuller Automobiles
SMETHPORT, PA.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

Do You get the "Miner"?
Better Subscribe Now.
$1.50 in advance.

ANTI-ACHE
"Cures headache in a flash"
Relieves the congestion, cools the head, stops the ache. Absolutely safe for old or young. Does not leave slightest ill effects or reaction. Tasteless Tablets All druggists, 10c and 25c
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Mc Call's Patterns

The Lindholm Company,

McCall's large magazine for November are here. Price 5cts.

Distinctive Fall Millinery

Our millinery staff is awfully busy making up hats according to the Styles of leading fashion Centres. What we have accomplished awaits the opinion of the Ladies. Personally, we are proud of it. We invite all who are the least bit interested (and who is not?).

Printzess Coats

To you who are wearing Printzess garments, season after season, we need not explain their many points of Superiority—

To you who have never worn Printzess Garments, let us say that they are highly regarded by all well dressed women, because of their Style, Quality and Fit.

Each garment is guaranteed to hold for two full seasons its original perfect shape, because it is interlined with Printzess Plio canvas, the exclusive shape retaining fabric, found only in Printzess garments.

And Price—You'll be surprised to know that Printzess garments cost you little or no more than unknown, Take-a-Chance makes. So don't take a chance, but come in and try on a guaranteed Printzess garment.

The Printzess Coats for ladies are priced $9.00 $11.00, $12.50, $14.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, to $27.50

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

98% of the World's Creameries Use

DE LAVAL

Cream Separators

Ten years ago there were a dozen different makes of creamery, or factory separators in use. Today over 98 per cent of the world's creameries use DE LAVAL separators exclusively.

It means a difference of several thousand dollars a year whether a DE LAVAL or some other make of separator is used in a creamery.

Exactly the same differences exist, on a smaller scale, in the use of FARM separators. But the farmer doesn't know it. Nine times out of ten he can't tell when he is $50 or $100 a year in quantity and quality of product through the use of an inferior separator.

There can be no better recommendation of the De Laval than the fact that the men who make the separation of milk a business use the DE LAVAL to the practical exclusion of all other separators.

Daly & Garlick's

More Than 1,250,000 De Lavals in Daily Use.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1910.

Local and General.

—Hallowe'en next Monday night.

—The teachers will be with us next week.

—The new juvenile jail is nearly completed.

—The election proclamation appears on the last page of this issue.

—Comrade A. H. Pierce is seriously ill at his home on East-street.

—Work on the Allegheny street branch sewer is progressing rapidly.

—The open season for hunting rabbits will start next Tuesday, November 1.

—"The Merry Widow" will be the attraction at the Bradford theatre next Saturday afternoon and evening.

—James Quirk, proprietor of the Lyceum has placed a new bill board on the west side of the Backus building.

—County Commissioner A. M. Marsh went to Kane on Monday and brought Pat Kanavy to the county home.

—The plate glass factory at James City, which was destroyed by fire last week, will be rebuilt as soon as possible.

—Course tickets are on sale at all the local drug stores for the finest line of Institute attractions ever presented in Smethport.

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and Mrs. Mary Hussey entertained about forty ladies at a six o'clock dinner and six handed euchre last evening.

—Spirits, ghosts, goblins, witches and all wierd things of Hallow e'en at St. Luke's parish house, Saturday evening. Admission 10c. All are invited. Lunch, fortunes, etc., extra.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained a large party of ladies at a six o'clock dinner and bridge whist at her home on West Main street Tuesday evening.

—Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Raymer entertained a party of 28 young people. Ice cream and cake was served and an enjoyable evening spent.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory is now running to its full capacity and is turning out some of the best machine-made glass ever seen. A good season is looked for.

—The residence of E. W. Long at Mt. Jewett, occupied by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hines, was badly damaged by fire early last Thursday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle will entertain a large party of friends at six handed euchre at Holder hall this evening.

—The Vincient Oil Company of Coleville has recently drilled in a new well which, when settled down, will be a five-barrel well. This makes the lease producing 15 barrels a day and "Dad" Heath of this place, who is one of the stockholders, is more than pleased with his investment.

—Dr. A. McAlpin of Bradford, Prohibition candidate for Assembly, left Tuesday for Philadelphia, where he will give a three days' clinic before the Dental Manufacturers' Club of America. From Philadelphia, Dr. McAlpin will go to Washington, D. C., where he will give a four days' clinic.

—On Saturdya afternoon last the first football game of the season was played between the Smethport High School team and the employees of the Backus Novelty Works. The Backus Novelty team outweighed their opponents somewhat but the High School boys had much the better of it in experience and team work and won the game by a score of 20 to 0. The High School has some good material this year for football and we expect they will give a good account of themselves in games with outside teams.

—On November 24, Thanksgiving night, the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra, the second of the series of entertainments to be held under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, will be at the Lyceum. This splendid company comes highly recommended and a full house will undoubtedly greet them. The program will consist of vocal and instrumental music.

—While trying to argue a man named Johnson out of his insane idea to shoot a woman, an inmate of one of Austin's questionable houses, Saturday John Ripple of Costello, a member of one of the best known and respected families in Potter county, was shot twice, once through the head and a second time through the body near the heart, by the man whom he was trying to befriend. Death was instantaneous.

—The Wright House Cafe is installing a ladies' dining room in the west room of the annex and it is expected to be ready on Saturday. This dining room has an entrance from the hall in the annex and faces on Main-street. It is being tastily fitted up and will be a great convenience to the people of this place. This cafe is under the management of Chef John Kelly, which is assurance that the best of service will be given and it will become popular with the best class of trade.

—Harry Wichinsky of Bradford was accidentally shot through the left hand with a 22-calibre rifle by a boy named Ellison last Sunday afternoon. Harry laid the gun down and young Ellison picked it up, accidentally discharging it and the bullet passed through his hand. Wichinsky is one of the boys who were badly burned by the School street explosion some time ago.

—The Philadelphia Athletics of the American League, are now the unquestioned champions of the world, having won four out of five games from the Chicago Cubs of the National League. On Thursday the Athletics won at Chicago by a score of 12 to 5; Friday rain stopped the game; Saturday Chicago took their first game by a score of 3 to 4—ten innings; and on Sunday the Athletics won the deciding game by a score of 7 to 2.

—Arthur Farrell was convicted in the United States District Court in Pittsburg this week and sentenced to five years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kans., for breaking into and robbing the postoffice at Eldred, May 1st, and robbing the same of $600 worth of stamps and cash. He was an Olean boy and years ago gave the local police their full share of trouble. He has served sentences in various penal institutions and is an expert yeggman.

—William Williams, a negro, is in jail at Atlanta, Ga., on a charge of swindling arising out of the most novel "cure" for blindness that probably ever entered the mind of man. The "cure" consisted of driving a tack into the back of the patient's head. Robert Ward, a negro, whose sight was not restored by the novel operation, paid William $2.50. He told the judge the tack process was not very painful, but that Williams' manner of taking the $2.50, "hurt considerable."

—County Commissioner J. A. Peterson arrived home from New York on Tuesday, where he took Michael Napolitano, an Italian, and placed him on a steamer bound for Naples. Napolitano, for some time has been unable to support himself and for that reason was sent back to his native land. He had been taken care of at the county home, at the county jail and in the state hospital at Warren. His case was concluded to be incurable and in accordance with the immigration laws, he was deported.

—Next Tuesday evening the Smethport Lyceum should be crowded to its capacity by people of Smethport, when the Kane and Smethport High Schools will contest for first place in the McKean County Literary League. Kane now holds first place and Smethport second, and the result of this contest will decide the holder of the $100 cup for the coming school year. The program will consist of a debate, oration, and sight reading. The Smethport team is making earnest preparations for this event and an exciting contest can be looked for.

—The following advice from the Cambridge Springs Enterprise is good: "In discussing the merits of your favorite candidates with your neighbors, avoid getting mad and saying cruel things. Many of the men for whom you expect to vote on November 8th never met you, do not know you, and will pass away without being aware that such an individual as yourself ever lived. If your zeal for the success of your party at the polls do not sacrifice a good neighbor or an old friend. Guard well the tongue when you are discussing the political situation."

—The Commencement Bulletin of the Pennsylvania State College just received contains some notable addresses. One is by Dr. S. F. Weber of Louisiana on "The Function of the American High School," and another on "Know Your Position," by John H. Jones, of Pittsburg. The President's statement shows the remarkable growth of this institution in the number of students and the unusual work it is doing for the betterment of the people through its agricultural trains, its mining institutes and its apprentice schools in various cities. The pamphlet also contains the proceedings of a conference of high school principals of the state called to consider the relations between the public schools and the college. A copy of the bulletin may be obtained by addressing the Registrar, State College, Pa.

—Last Monday evening members of the local Rebekah lodge and their guests to the number of about 100 had a masked Hallowe'en party at the Rebekah lodge rooms in the Odd Fellows building. The rooms were tastily and appropriately decorated for the occasion, and the costumes were exceptionally good. An excellent program, consisting of instrumental and vocal solos was carried out, after which the floor was cleared for dancing. At eleven o'clock the supper gong sounded, which was also a signal to unmask. The surprises were many when all were unmasked and much laughing was heard when the hungry people filed into the spacious dining room. Here an elaborate lunch was served, after which dancing was once more indulged in, until a late hour when all went to their homes declaring to have spent a most enjoyable evening, and profusely thanking their hosts, the Rebekahs, for the privilege of being with them of that occasion.

PERSONAL MENTION.

C. C. Choate had business in Bradford yesterday.

Hon. James A. McKean left yesterday for a short visit in Kane.

Mrs. Hinman of Eldred is the guest of her sister, Miss Vinnie Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mitchell have returned home from a visit to Erie.

Winfield Stark returned home Tuesday evening from a visit to Freeville, N. Y.

Misses Alberta Cory and Marie Purtle were guests of Bradford friends on Friday and Saturday.

John T. Cunningham and wife returned home Saturday from a two weeks' visit with friends in Tioga county.

Miss Lenore Haberle, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. F. Redfield, returned to her home in Syracuse on Monday.

Dr. John Tretton of Rochester was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton, in this place a few days last week.

Victor Engstrom, of the firm of Engstrom and Olson, returned home Monday from New York where he has been purchasing holiday goods.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell visited Emporium on Friday and Saturday, making the trip in the former's automobile.

Mrs. Frank W. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus and Miss Mattie Backus drove to Bradford on Monday.

Henry P. Oviatt and sister, Miss Helen, visited relatives and friends in Bradford last Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar, two children, Mrs. Frances McCoy, Miss Selma Anderson, nurse, and F. P. Whalen, chauffeur, leave Saturday for Corpus Christy, Texas, where they will join Mr. Hammar and spend the winter.

E. C. Pattison who has been spending some time here visiting friends and relatives, will leave in a few days for India, where he will be engaged in the oil business. Mr. Pattison is an expert driller and has spent several years in South America following that occupation.

Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mrs. Scott Redfield, Mrs. F. A. McCoy, Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, Mrs. W. L. Hammar, Mrs. S. E. Bell, Mrs. C. W. Shattuck, Mrs. Mollville M. Gillette and Mrs. J. W. Lee of this place were among those who attended the matinee performance of "Madame X" at the Bradford theatre last Saturday.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE NEW FALL STYLES

For Men and Young Men. Are ready at

MONHEIMERS

and they demonstrate that, this season brings styles and values that out-strip anything ever shown, heretofore.

Look for evidence of actual Clothes value, in our windows—but the store is full of elegant Suits and Overcoats for Men and Young Men at from $10.90 up to $25.00.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Onest Shirts

FURS FOR 1910-11

The new fur styles are ready for you to-day—Skins employed are much the same as last season with Lynx, Pony and Squirrel increasing in favor—Styles Styles have changed somewhat though not radically. In muffs the Pillow and Rug shapes predominate. We buy direct from manufacturers and are in a position to offer you reliable furs at the lowest possible prices.

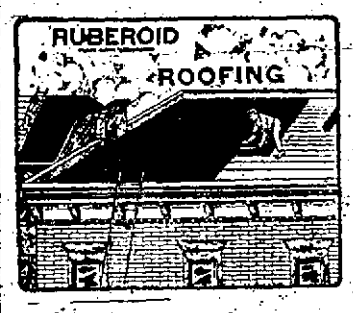
Scarfs $1.50 to $37.50. Muffs $2.75 to $22.50.

Coats $25.00 to $60.00.

FRY & COMES,

The Store that sells Wooltex

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy re-olution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

1880 1910

¶ IN THE LAST THIRTY YEARS American Life Insurance has so developed that to-day American people carry twice as much as all the rest of the world together. Life Insurance is *the* popular American investment.

¶ Thirty years ago—when the Pittsburg Agency was founded—there was not a single $100,000 Equitable policy in its district. To-day there are 104 men and women who, thru the Pittsburg Agency, carry Equitable protection for their families and business for from $100,000 to $1,000,000 each.

¶ Have *YOU enough* Life Insurance?

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
"Strongest in the World"
EDWARD A. WOODS, Manager
Equitable Floor, Frick Bldg., Pittsburg

C A. BURDICK, Agt. Smethport, Pa.

STORY OF A BRASS BUTTON

It Decided In a Matter of Life and Death.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

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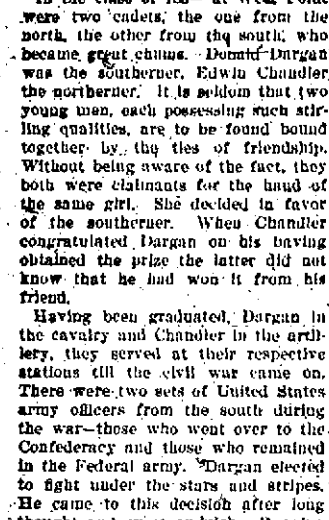
In the class of 18—— at West Point were two cadets, the one from the north, the other from the south, who became great chums. Donald Dargan was the southerner, Edwin Chandler the northerner. It is seldom that two young men, each possessing such stirling qualities, are to be found bound together by the ties of friendship. Without being aware of the fact, they both were claimants for the hand of the same girl. She decided in favor of the southerner. When Chandler congratulated Dargan on his having obtained the prize the latter did not know that he had won it from his friend.

Having been graduated, Dargan in the cavalry and Chandler in the artillery, they served at their respective stations till the civil war came on. There were two sets of United States army officers from the south during the war—those who went over to the Confederacy and those who remained in the Federal army. Dargan elected to fight under the stars and stripes. He came to this decision after long thought and great anguish. Ranging themselves under the stars and bars were his two brothers, his relatives and the friends of his youth. To espouse the northern cause would render him to them a renegade, traitor—all that is hateful and contemptible.

He reached his decision without a word of conference with any one, not even his wife, who sympathized with the Confederate cause. She was disappointed, but respected her husband's motives.

One of the Federal armies in the field was in a critical position. A council of war was convened, and the general commanding called for the opinions of those present. One of the generals rose and said:

"We must send a man in among the different divisions of the enemy who will not only be able to bring us infor-



"WE MAY NOT GET OUT OF THIS."

mation of his numbers and condition, but who has the ability to forut a plan for us of extricating ourselves."

"What officer of rank capable of forming such a plan will be willing to place himself in the position of a spy?" asked the commander.

"Leave that to me, general. I will see that the plan is executed."

The next morning an officer of rank, dressed in the uniform of a Confederate colonel, attended by a single orderly also wearing the gray, rode into the Confederate lines and announced himself as having been sent out by the inspector general at Richmond to ascertain the condition and requirements of the army and make a report thereof. He was received by the general commanding with the respect due his rank and given every facility for the execution of his work. An officer was directed to ride with him through the various divisions of the army, and the officers of the staff were ordered to prepare reports of the condition of their departments.

All day the spy rode through the Confederate camps, inspecting the troops and taking notes of their requirements. While doing this he was observing the position, its strength or weakness, the amount of artillery—indeed, all such information as could enable him to form a plan for getting the Federal army confronting the Confederates from its perilous position. When he returned to the Confederate headquarters he called his orderly aside and said to him:

"We may not get out of this, and if we don't and you find an opportunity to transmit any information let it be this:

"Send a brigade around by the road to G. and strike their left in rear. When you hear their guns attack their right with all your remaining force."

The orderly wrote this on a piece of paper and committed it to memory, then destroyed the memorandum.

After supper the so called inspector announced that, having finished his work, he would set out for Richmond. He was taking leave of the general commanding when a Confederate officer rode up to headquarters and dismounted. Entering the general's tent, seeing the "inspector," he stood in mute surprise. As for the "inspector," he turned a shade paler. The newcomer was an old army acquaintance in ante bellum days, both having served at the same post.

"Chandler, what are you doing here and in this uniform?"

"I came here to benefit the cause I serve or die. Ill luck in meeting you turns the scale for death."

There was a commotion in the Confederate camp at this discovery that the "inspector" and his orderly were spies and that had it not been for a timely arrival they would have got away with ample information to insure the defeat and possibly the capture of their whole force. They were both arrested, a drumhead court martial convened and within an hour after their detection were sentenced to be hanged at daylight the next morning.

Owing to their former acquaintance and service together as brother officers Colonel Abert, the officer who had recognized Chandler, made a strong effort to save him. He appealed to Richmond in his behalf by telegraph, but the authorities there seemed to think that if either should be spared it was the orderly, who was little more than a boy.

Meanwhile both men, being under sentence of death, were permitted to communicate and to write letters to those who would mourn them. When Colonel Chandler had signified his willingness to undertake the mission the officer who had arranged it suggested that he take with him an orderly, both as becoming his supposed rank and because if the principal were detected the orderly might possibly carry the information he had acquired. Volunteers were called for, and the young man who was now awaiting execution had been selected from among those who had volunteered. Up to this time Colonel Chandler was ignorant even of his orderly's name. The young man wrote a farewell letter to his mother, addressed it and laid it on the pine camp table on which he had penned it. Colonel Chandler noticed the superscription and a look of anguish crossed his face.

Soon after midnight came news that but one of the two should be executed as a warning to spies and which was to suffer should be determined by lot. Colonel Chandler begged that he might be made the victim without resort to the wheel of fortune. His application was considered and a reply returned that inasmuch as the order from the secretary to determine by lot which should die was specific the general did not care to take the responsibility of disobeying it. The application was forwarded by telegraph, but no answer was received before the hour that had been fixed by the court for the execution. So Colonel Chandler was informed that the matter must proceed in conformity with the outstanding orders.

At daylight in the morning the provost marshal of the Confederate force entered the tent where the two spies were confined, carrying a hat in his hand. Having read to them the order bearing on their case, he said:

"In this hat are two brass buttons, the one with raised letters U. S. A. stamped on it, the other bearing the letters C. S. A. You will turn your backs, put out a hand in rear and take a button. He who draws the C. S. A. button will go forth to execution."

Colonel Chandler stepped up to the officer holding the hat, thrust in his hand, drew it forth, looked at the letters on a button he held in it and handed it to the officer. It was stamped C. S. A.

Any man thus imposing upon a fellow human being the task of deciding whether he shall live or die will naturally be under considerable emotion. The Confederate officer holding the hat was so moved that he threw it down without paying any attention to the remaining button. Later he returned for the hat to give it to its owner, and, feeling for the button, failed to find it. He hunted for it, turning up the lining, but it was not in the hat.

Colonel Chandler was taken out and hanged. When his body was let down his right hand was found to be tightly closed. The fingers were forced open and out rolled a button stamped with the letters U. S. A. He had taken out both buttons, giving up the one that meant death. Fearing that his intention to prevent his young comrade from sharing the chances with him might be discovered and thwarted, he had held the evidence of it tightly closed in his fist till the last moment.

The orderly was sent to Libby prison at Richmond. There he was informed that his superior had taken the chances of both and had died concealing the evidence of his act. The young man was in due time exchanged and soon after mustered out of the service, his term of enlistment having expired.

When he reached home and was clasped in his mother's arms he told her the sequel to the story she already knew—the story of the other button.

"Why, mother," he asked, "do you suppose he took my chance upon himself?"

"Because," she said, "he was a noble man."

The secret she kept from her son. She was the wife of Donald Dargan, and the man who had returned his son to her was he who had loved and lost her to his friend. But for the first time she told her husband that he and Chandler had been rivals and that Chandler had not only suffered his foe in silence, but had returned to her and him their son.

DIDN'T WASTE WORDS.

The Stoical Mountaineer Simply Answered the Question.

"For stoical indifference and taciturnity," said a young man from Knoxville, Tenn., who was visiting in Louisville a few days ago, "I never saw any one that could equal the Kentucky mountaineer.

"Two years ago I was camping during the summer with a party of young men and women in the mountains. During our stay there we became acquainted with an old mountaineer whom we called Sam. He always referred to his wife as Maria, and we fell into the same habit.

"Last year we returned to the same place to camp. As we were going up the mountain path on our first day out we met Sam walking along apparently in a deep study.

"'Hello, Sam!' we all called. 'Where's Maria?'

"She's comin' back there," he said, directing his thumb backward over his shoulder.

"We went on up the mountain path and a short distance farther came upon a party of mountaineers transporting a dead body in a rickety wagon. It was a funeral party. Imagine our surprise when we were informed that the deceased was Maria. Sam had not thought it worth his pains to inform us that Maria was dead when he stated she was 'comin' back there.'"—Louisville Times.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Advice the Jeweler Gave the Young Man Who Was Investing.

"Some of these jewelers are an accommodating lot," remarked the young man in the light suit. "I went in the other day to buy a diamond ring.

"'For a lady?' the clerk asked me. I told him it was.

"'An engagement ring?' he asked me further.

"'Yes,' I told him, getting a little bit peeved, 'but I don't see what business it is of yours what I intend to do with the ring after I've paid for it out of my own private funds.'

"'Don't be offended,' says the clerk in a conciliatory tone. 'I was just going to suggest that if it was simply a present, with no engagement going with it, you go in for size rather than for quality, and when the girl comes in to inquire about its value we'll tie $50 or $75 worth for you. But if it's an engagement ring I would advise you to get the best quality you can find, even if it does mean a smaller stone. Just as a matter of sentiment you'll want to know that it is right, and then if you ever get in hard luck you can pawn the good ring for two-thirds of its value.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Toad's Tongue.

The skillful manner in which a pet toad used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert. For one thing, it showed wonderful skill in judging distances. The tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted out against them, but the arrow never failed to hit. The rapidity with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up when in the mouth. Therefore a twofold action is required, an uncoiling of the weapon and then the darting of it forth. The withdrawing of the tongue with the captured insect on the tip was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip and the struggles of the prey the victim was never dropped.—Exchange.

Graves In China.

There are various kinds of graves in China. The graves are dug generally from twelve feet to thirteen feet below the ground, while, according to an old custom, the mounds of the graves of emperors were thirty feet in height, those of territorial lords fifteen feet and those of barons without territories and of lord stewards eight feet, while for inferior officials and common people mounds only four feet in height were erected. Pines were planted on the tombs of emperors, a species of oak on those of territorial lords, a species of willow on those of barons and lord stewards and elm trees on those of inferior officials. Although there are no territorial lords and lord stewards now in China, men of high rank still have their tombs constructed in accordance with this old custom.

He Loved His Enemies.

James MacNeill Whistler looked upon life as upon a kind of warfare and was never so happy as when he was quarreling with somebody. He is quoted as having said when asked if he did not have many friends: "Yes, I have many friends, and I am grateful to them, but those whom most I love are my enemies, not in a Biblical sense. Oh, no, but because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them idiots."

Then He Sulked.

Mrs. Guscliley remarked to me that it must be pleasant to be married to a clever man," said Proudley's wife.

"And what did you say?" queried Proudley.

"I told her, of course, that I didn't know; that I had only been married once."

Suffering becomes beautiful when one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle

THE GIFT OF GAB.

Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power Equal to It.

When George Stephenson was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the story of his failure.

Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. A long discussion ensued, in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "tit for tat," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a laugh:

"And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?"

"Why," he replied, "I will only say this—that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no power equal to the gift of the gab."

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

Gems From Ancient Graveyards in Suffolk, England.

The Suffolk (England) Institute of Archaeology has been collecting epitaphs from the ancient graveyards throughout the shire, and several of the most curious are here printed. One shows traces of a pessimistic philosophy surprising when we consider the strong orthodoxy of the day when the epitaph was written:

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay.
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to clay herself.
Who knows but in the course of years
In some tall pitcher or brown pan
She in her shop may stand again.

Another from Suffolk reads as follows:

Here lies Robert Wallis,
The King of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All Hallows
And maker of bellows.

These which follow could scarcely be lines chosen by the reverend occupant of the tomb himself, a clergyman named Chest:

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another.
The chest of wood was very good.
Who says so of the other?

And, to conclude, here is a bit of philosophy that cannot be improved by any of the great thinkers of all time:

Here I lie outside the chancel door;
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The further in the more they pay,
But here I lie as warm as they.

A Wooden Head.

Certain members of the house party were describing the accidents that had happened to them during their various careers. Adventures by flood, fire and field had all been well received, and Sir Sappleby, eager for fame, thought it was his turn.

"D'you know," he said, "I had a very painful experience once. I ran a confounded splinter quite half an inch long right under my finger nail, don't you know."

"Really, Mr. de Sappleby," said a maiden of the party. "How did you do it?"

"Well," he said, "it happened like this." As he spoke he unconsciously raised his hand and scratched his forehead.

"Oh, I see," she interrupted sweetly. "How very careless of you!"—St. Paul Dispatch.

Carpets and Rugs.

Carpets and rugs were originally employed by oriental nations for sitting, reclining and kneeling purposes during devotion. When introduced among the western peoples they were for a long time used for purely ornamental purposes, covers for tables or couches and for laying before altars or chairs of state upon great occasions. Carpets were brought to Europe by the Moors, but it was well into the eighteenth century before they came into anything like general use.

Every Little Movement.

A visitor to the cobbler's shop noticed one day a barrel half full of tiny brass cogwheels.

"Why," he said, "what are all those for?"

"Goodness knows," answered the cobbler, with a careless laugh. "I get about a cupful out of every clock I mend."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Reason For His Disgust.

"He's disgusted with the way the politicians are running things in this town."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he ran for office and was defeated."—Detroit Free Press.

Nibbles the Wood.

"I'm tired of this old joke about a woman sharpening a pencil with her husband's razor."

"There's nothing in it. No woman sharpens a pencil. She gnaws it to a point."—Pittsburg Post.

Too Near.

"What animal," said the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The flea," timidly ventured the little boy with the curly hair.—Chicago Tribune.

PERSISTENT BEGGARS.

The More Egyptian Mendicants Get the More They Demand.

In Egypt one should never give backsheesh except for actual services rendered. Resist calmly but firmly every attempt at extortion. Never pay till the stipulated service is finished; then after you have paid a little more than the bargain called for, turn a deaf ear to the protestations and entreaties that always follow. Bear in mind that the more backsheesh you give the more clamorous becomes the applicant. Real thanks and gratitude must not be expected for gifts.

A friend of mine once broke one of these rules just to see what would happen. As we passed through a little mud village twenty miles from Cairo he gave a sturdy beggar a millième (half a cent). This beggar, accompanied by others, followed us to the edge of the village, asking for more. My friend then gave him a piaster (5 cents).

They followed us a hundred yards or so and were more persistent than before. When they showed a disposition to go back he gave them 5 piasters. They followed us half a mile and became very clamorous. I was afraid we should get into trouble and wanted him to stop it, but when they began to jog he gave them 20 piasters. They followed us two miles, and the experiment might have ended seriously had we not met a company of travelers with a dragoman, who sent the beggars about their business. This may help you to understand Egyptian character.—Christian Herald.

LAPLAND BABIES.

For Their First Few Months They Live in Wicker Baskets.

Little Laplanders spend the first few months of their existence in baskets of wickerwork provided at the top with a conical framework too close for the baby to fall through and yet giving the infant plenty of light and air.

Before commencing her work for the day the Lapp mother places her child in the basket and hangs it on the limb of some nearby tree, occupation being found for the little one by strinsing toys under a cord passed across the top of the basket.

Thus provided the child spends the entire day in the open and yet at the same time is guarded from the troubles and dangers of outdoor child life in other countries.

The basket idea curiously parallels the Indian idea of strapping the papoose into a carrying case, but the Lapp baby has the advantage over its Indian fellow in that its limbs are unconfined and a certain amount of liberty of movement is afforded.

The child is carried from place to place in the same basket, the cord by which it is attached to a tree being slung over the shoulder.

Fossils and Gold.

In Alaska the bones and often the entire bodies of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the mastodon, the reindeer and the bison, are found most abundantly in layers of soil directly above gold bearing gravels. So intimate is this association between fossil animal remains and auriferous deposits that an excellent who has explored Alaska says fossils serve prospectors as indexes of the metallic richness of the soil. In ancient times both gold and the bones of animals were deposited at the bottoms of valleys by action of rivers and smaller streams, many of which have now disappeared; consequently the appearance of fossils is, it is claimed, an almost certain indication that gold will be found in the neighborhood. The cabins of many miners are ornamented with huge tusks and antlers unearthed in the diggings.—New York Tribune.

Definite Instructions.

Telegraphers have their troubles, like the rest of mankind, and the men who follow the dots and dashes tell stories based upon actual happenings that almost test the credulity of the hearer. A man now in charge of a Postal office is responsible for the following, which occurred to him when he was holding down a key in an obscure place in the suburbs:

"A farmer came in one day and handed me a message to 'Mrs. Smith, New York city.' I asked for the address, and my patron, looking at me with a pitying smile, replied:

"'Sonny, you just send it to Mrs. Smith, who keeps a boarding house in New York. Don't let any one know you don't know where her place is.'"—Philadelphia Times.

Followed Instructions.

She was a woman of very puritanical notions, and when she came into his room to kiss her little boy good night and found that he had not said his prayers she was very much shocked. "How was it, Willie," she asked, "that you neglected such an important duty?"

"You see, mamma," he replied, "when dad sent me in a hurry to bed he said there mustn't be another word out of me tonight."—Lippincott's.

Just the Very Trouble.

A French scientist says that the oceans hold enough gold in solution to give each inhabitant of the earth $24,000,000. The trouble is that they will continue to hold it.—Albany Journal

Might Is Right.

We have noticed that when two boys are playing with a wagon the smaller boy is pretty apt to be the horse.—Atchison Globe

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.—Quarles.

State.
Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheip.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Benson, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Coudersport.
Senate Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Sheriff—Wm. M. Mortimer, Smethport.
Prothonotary—M. F. Slattery, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Fuller, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Ishersood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Lavelle, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders—, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—H. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Mardette S. Bayle.
Borough.
Burgess—M. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Slater, secretary; J. W. Watts, A. W. Worthley, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Mackie, H. M. Mason.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John M. Eastman, M. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. M. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Babin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH H. BURDICK, W. M.
W. L. SPENCER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 388, meets Friday evening at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1274, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 88, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. H. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HASNER, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's mEthodist Church—J. F. Duggin, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
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SMETHPORT, PA.

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Novelty Restaurant.
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THE SHIPWRECK OF GLOOM

A Lesson in Courage and in the Value of Life.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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Mr. Bartlett had not visited his office that morning, and it may have been about noon when an elevator discharged him on the level of his own place of business. Immediately he was aware of the high keyed, boyish voice of James, his handy man, a creature of many duties and of an anxious, devoted fidelity.

"There's a lady waitin' for you," said James. "She's in your room, she is."

"What sort of a lady?" asked Bartlett.

"A young lady," answered James. "She's been there about half an hour, with a suit case. I never saw her before. She's got blue eyes, very blue eyes, she has. And I guess she ain't feelin' well. I took her in a glass o' water a couple o' times an' she drunk it. She was thirsty, she was."

Bartlett shook his head. He could not remember any young lady of this kind. And yet the eyes—

"China blue eyes, James," said he, "like the color that you've seen on a fine cup and saucer?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said James earnestly, "I never seen such a color anywhores before—not on nothin'. I didn't."

Bartlett spent some seconds in reflection.

"Go into my office," said he, "and see if there's a letter from Mr. Carver of Philadelphia amongst my mail. If there is I want it."

Such a communication was indeed there, and James brought it out.

It was the querulous letter of a worried and weary man, and it affected Bartlett like the filing of a saw, for his nerves were in no condition to endure the rather wailings of a business associate. Carver was afraid of a big slice of Bartlett's which was maturing in a Boston bank.

"You have to pull money out of the concern to meet that note," he wrote, "and that will cripple us. Instead of a handsome profit, we'll be likely to make a loss." And he went on to bewail the loss as if it were already made. He declared that he was not fit even to think of the matter. The long siege of illness in his family had broken his nerve. "And, though we're all on our feet again," he added, "I'm thoroughly tired out. We never should have pulled through except for Celia Gilbert, and now the poor girl has broken down and must go home—nervous prostration, and pretty bad, too, I'm afraid. And she'll have to travel all the way to Boston alone unless you can go over with her Friday night. I see by your letter that you'll be going over Friday or Saturday to try to fix up some way to renew that note. But you won't be able to do it. You'll have to pay up—confound the luck!

"I'm sending Celia to you. She remembers you ten years ago, when you were one of Johnny Harvard's lambs, though she was only a child at the time. You used to call on her sister or cousin or somebody. And, by the way, if you can go over with her, go by boat. Celia has had the most confounded luck in traveling by train. She's been in three accidents 'no fancy smashups, but just the usual thing—an engineer and a couple of mail clerks sent aloft; nobody hurt in the high priced seats. The last case was a carload of lobsters that got in the way, and Celia saw some of them afterward. I think she'd get a better night's rest on the boat."

"SHE SMILED AT HIM."

Bartlett took off his hat and passed his left hand downward from the top to the back of his head. His brain was sore to the touch.

"This is the finish," he said. "The girl will drive me crazy, but I can't in common decency let her go over alone. I have broken bread in her father's house, and the old chap was kind to me."

An ordinary man might have seen in Celia Gilbert only a very pretty girl who was pale and looked as if she had been ill. Bartlett saw far more. The slightly gathered brows, the steadied lips, the voice constantly controlled to shield against the revelation of a causeless excitement, were eloquent to Bartlett. He knew that this girl's life from moment to moment was held to a determined standard of calmness by an unresting heroism, and when he remembered that she had come to this sad state through the mere exercise of helpful kindness his soul cried out against the government of the universe. She was cousin to Carver's wife; she had gone to that house of affliction because she was needed there and for no other reason.

Celia sat in his office all the rest of the day. At half past 5, when Bartlett went aboard the sound steamer with all his worries on his back and the pale, silent girl for sole companion he was conscious of a depression of spirits such as he had never felt before.

They had some dinner by and by, and perhaps the food was good for Bartlett. At any rate, in the course of the meal he was vouchsafed a revelation. He perceived that Celia's presence was not depressing; he had been laboring under a preconceived idea of what her effect upon him ought to be, in view of her condition, and this false notion had completely fooled him. In reality she had not uttered a complaint all day. She had expressed no despondent view, but had gently striven to dispel the gloom between them, all of which had emanated from himself.

"Upon my word," said he, looking across at her, "you are a very cheerful young woman."

"In comparison with whom?"

"Myself."

She nodded her head and smiled at him.

"I am a good deal worried," said he. "This business of mine in Boston sits on me like an incubus—whatever that is."

"I am sorry," said she.

Perhaps he had looked for a little curiosity, and perhaps the china blue eyes read this in his face, for she tactfully asked a leading question, and he told his story. There were few people in the world with whom he would have spoken as frankly.

"The trouble is," said he in conclusion, "that I dare not go directly to the president of the bank. He's a tartar, and this particular kind of renewal is his pet aversion. But if I can have the matter put up to him in just the right light by a friend of mine and a pet of his maybe the thing will go through. I don't want Boland even to know that I came over to Boston to see anybody in the bank. I wouldn't have him know it for a thousand dollars."

"Mr. Boland is the president?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you should meet him on the street," she suggested.

"I should dodge into the nearest open door," said he. "If he saw me in Boston at this time he'd know what I was there for, and he doesn't like wirepulling inside his bank."

"I don't like wirepulling anywhere," said Celia. "I think you should meet Mr. Boland deliberately."

"Not for gold and precious stones."

"I have a feeling that you will," she insisted, "and I don't like the idea that you're afraid of him."

"I don't like it myself," said he, "but I am."

"Then you'll surely meet him. I never dare to be afraid of anything for fear that it will happen."

"I admit there's something in it," said he.

Celia retired to her stateroom early, and Bartlett went down to the main deck, where in the girl's absence he prowled into gloom and consoled himself with strong cigars.

A streaky fog lay on the sound. In the thicker places the steamer would slow down as if bewildered, and her whistle would exchange lugubrious blasts of nautical conversation with other whistles. A human irritation seemed to animate these tones.

Bartlett thought of Celia lying awake and listening to the mournful and quarreling chorus. Tenderness came to his heart. He regretted that he had not been kinder to her; that he had not spoken cheerier words at their parting.

"All the human sense and goodness have gone out of me," he growled. "I am the wreck of what I was."

It was past 11 when he went to his stateroom, and he sat for a long time on the edge of his berth, thinking despondently of the morrow. The whistle was now doing its worst, and the answers were more petulant. He distinguished one voice among them that seemed angrier than the others, and it drew constantly nearer. Then for an interval he missed that voice. Silence reigned for perhaps no more than a minute, but it seemed much longer. Bartlett rose to his feet—he knew not why.

In the depths of the vessel he heard a bell strike once. The vibration of the fabric ceased. The engine was at rest. Suddenly, close at hand, the whistle that he had listened for called out with its strong voice. Two quick blasts answered it from his own vessel, and instantly the bell in the depths rang sharply twice.

Bartlett was in part prepared for what came next, but not for the magnitude of it. The crash as the two ships met seemed natural to his ears, but the infernal dip—that—followed shook the soul of him with terrors wholly unexpected.

Bartlett ran out into the saloon and looked never. He saw some tangled wreckage and a cloud of steam through which was visible a blur of light. This came from the other vessel.

Men were pouring up from below, drenched with water and many of them horribly dabbled with blood.

Celia! The name leaped into Bartlett's mind with a shock that made his head swim. He ran to the door of her room and thundered upon it, calling to her. She answered him very much in her usual tone.

"I will be ready in a moment," she said and almost immediately appeared. He was amazed that she should be dressed.

"Are many people hurt?" she asked. "We must try to help." And she crossed to the wreckage.

An officer and some uniformed negroes, with a passenger or two, were disentangling the injured from the wreck of staterooms. Bartlett joined this party and was astonished to see men and women come forth from this mass of splinters with but a few scratches. He worked with zeal for perhaps two minutes, which seemed long, and sufficed for multitudinous service. Then he climbed out of the tangle and looked around for Celia.

The young lady with nervous prostration, whose doctor had sternly ordered her to abstain from all exertion and excitement, was kneeling on the floor of the saloon deftly bandaging the wounds upon a man's head.

BANDAGING THE WOUNDS UPON A MAN'S HEAD.

Admiration of her courage thrilled in him. He remembered that his own work was not done. A hoarse voice was calling from behind a stateroom door which was jammed so that it could not be opened. Bartlett got his fingers into a crevice and ripped the lock out through the woodwork. The door swung open.

The interior of that room, if it could still be said to have an interior, was an impossible ruin. The rear wall was the gray sea fog, the berths had fallen into the nether wreckage, the floor was shattered so that it looked like the debris of a picket fence, but it held. And on that shivered floor, clothed in pajamas supplemented by a pair of trousers and one shoe, stood Curtis Boland, president of the R. and R. National bank.

Bartlett extended a hand and drew him to a securer footing. Except for a few bruises and scratches he was unhurt.

"Ha, Mr. Bartlett," said he cheerily, "so you're my preserver. Where is Miss Gilbert? Safe, I trust."

Bartlett pointed across the saloon to where Celia still knelt among the wounded.

"Glad bless her!" said Boland fervently. "I know her well by sight—her father and I are neighbors in Brooklyn—but I have never met the young lady, so I kept aloof when I saw you with her in the dining room this evening. I expected to meet you later in Boston, of course."

The collision of the two vessels seemed a small shock compared to his collision with Curtis Boland. The service he had rendered utterly debarred him from asking favors at the bank.

The floor did not sink under him. The night's calamities were at an end. Water tight compartments kept the vessel afloat, and she proceeded slowly under her own steam to New London, whence the passengers proceeded by train to Boston.

Bartlett, Boland and Miss Gilbert were companions on this journey, and for a large part of a way the lady, utterly exhausted, slept profoundly. And one of the men watched beside her with something akin to a father's affection, the other with deeper tenderness. He knew now why the eyes that he had seen ten years before had never faded from his memory.

"Bartlett," said the banker, "I forget whether you are married."

"I am not," answered Bartlett. "A year from today—who knows?"

There was a long pause.

"Bartlett, how are things going with you?"

"Every prospect pleases," responded the young man.

The banker eyed him for some minutes.

"Perfectly convenient for you to meet that note?"

"I can meet it," answered Bartlett, and then he straightened up in his seat. "I can do many things that would have been hard yesterday. I have had a lesson in courage, in self forgetfulness and in the value of life. I am worth a dozen of the Johnny Bartletts that have been walking the floor this last month, and one of the proofs of it is that I'm not afraid to tell you that I have been walking the floor. I am not afraid of anything or anybody."

Another silence.

"Send me over a little money," said the banker, "as little as you please, just enough to make a showing. Send me the same kind of paper for the balance. Will that suit?"

"I should think so! But I don't ask"—

"You have asked nothing," said Boland. "The proposition is mine."

A LIVING SNUFFBOX.

Peculiar Role Mme. du Cayla Played For Louis XVIII.

There have been snuffboxes of gold studded with jewels, of delicately carved tortoise shell, filigree silver, porcelain, ivory, mother-of-pearl, humble horn, wood and tin, but there is only one living snuffbox on record, and that was the particular luxury of Louis XVIII. of France.

"His majesty's snuffbox," as she was known throughout Europe, was Mme. du Cayla, a fascinating favorite at the Bourbon court. Her place at table was always at the monarch's left hand, and when during the course of the meal he signified his desire for a pinch of brown powder to titillate his fat nose she took a diamond crusted box from her pocket, dusted just the right quantity of perfumed snuff on her snowy right shoulder and presented it to the king, who partook of it with profound pleasure.

As Louis was the greatest snuff taker at a court where everybody snuffed constantly, Mme. du Cayla's position was no sinecure, but the human snuffbox was well paid for indulging the king in his little fad. He presented her with a copy of Roymont's Illustrated Bible, and each one of the 150 engravings was covered with a thousand franc note. It was followed with the gift of "Bassnet's Sermons," interleaved with the same valuable paper from cover to cover.—New York Press.

ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

Homer and the Book of Job Allude to the Product.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp and to look [illegible] his brother fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim during the rebellion of Absalom.

Homer says that cheese formed part of the [illegible] found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops Polyphemus, Euripides, Theocritus and other early [illegible] Lucretius's [illegible] and Father [illegible] [illegible] of 1670, they [illegible] the art of making it.

There is [illegible] that any of these [illegible] discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour and subsequently to have found the cheese from the caseous part of the curds after expelling the serum or whey.

As David when too young to carry arms was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

Marvels of the Telephone.

The Electrical Review thus describes the minute electric current required in transmitting speech:

"The peculiar electric telephone current is perhaps the quickest, feeblest and most elusive force in the world. It is so amazing a thing that any description of it seems irrational. It is as gentle as the touch of a baby summerm and as swift as the lightning flash. It is so small that the electric current of a single incandescent lamp is greater [illegible] times. Cool a spoonful of hot water just one degree and the energy set free by the cooling will operate a telephone for 10,000 years. Catch the falling teardrop of a child and there will be sufficient water power to carry a spoken message from one city to another. Such is the tiny gentle of the wire that had to be protected and trained into obedience."

The News by Windmill.

In certain parts of Holland births, marriages and deaths are frequently announced by the windmills instead of in the newspapers. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in an oblique position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests often do likewise with their mills in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are all furled and the wheel is turned round until the arms assume an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.—Harper's Weekly.

A Comparison.

Two friends met one day after a long absence. One of them had a very ruddy complexion, and his nose was carmine. The other looked into his face and said:

"Ah, John, I doubt"—

But John said he was not to judge by appearances, as he only drank one glass of beer in a day.

"Oh, well," said the other, "perhaps, as you say, it is like our gas meter—it registers more than it consumes."—London Answers.

Where They Belong.

"Have you any men serving sentences for bigamy?" asked the prison visitor.

"Lots of them," replied the keeper, "but we confine them all in the insane ward."—Philadelphia Record.

Naturally.

"Pop, flowers shoot, don't they?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Well, pop, do they shoot with their pistils?"—Baltimore American.

LITTLE RED SPOT.

If He Were Bigger This Spider Would Be a Real Peril.

Strangely enough, the one really dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure and practically unknown to popular or journalistic hysteria. Latrodectus mactans is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black with a red spot on the back—a useful danger signal—and spins a small web in outhouses or around wood piles. So far as is known, its poison is the most virulent and powerful, drop for drop, secreted by any living creature. Cobra virus, in the minute quantity which the latrodectus' glands contain, would probably have no appreciable effect upon man, whereas the tiny spider's venom, in the volume injected by the cobra's stroke, would slay a herd of elephants. Were this little known crawler as large as the common black hunting spider of our gardens and lawns its bite would be almost invariably fatal. Happily the "red spot's" fangs, being small and weak, can with difficulty penetrate the skin and are able to inject venom in dangerous quantity only when the bite is inflicted upon some tender skinned portion of the body. Nevertheless fatalities consequent upon the bite of this insect are sufficiently well attested to take rank as established scientific facts.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in Everybody's.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

What Lincoln Said After Harvey Ended a Two Hours' Talk.

The Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster, was a large man with a small voice, and that pomposity of manner that many very diffident men possess. Above everything he valued and prided himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder."

The first year of the war between the states he went to Washington and on his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do, and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clapped his hand on my leg, 'Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great calf you have got!'"

Proof of Fairness.

A frown developed on the countenance of the new patient as he studied the bill the physician had handed him. "What do you mean," he at length stormed, "by charging me $25 for a two weeks' treatment when you charged Hunderson only $10 for a treatment extending over the same length of time?"

"If you mean that I am not impartial in my charges," retorted the physician, "I want you to distinctly understand that you have absolutely no foundation for your indignation. I ordered Henderson to eat three square meals a day, while I forbade you to eat more than one light lunch. Now sir, if you will add the cost of Henderson's meals to my charge of $10 and compare the result with the cost of your meals plus my charge of $25 you will obtain such proof of my impartiality that you, if you are a man, will humbly apologize to me for your unkind and unwarranted attack."—Chicago News.

Foiling a Fakir.

A story used to be told at Cairo of Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Shepheard's hotel when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed and, nothing daunted, stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.

An Antiseptic Child.

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized and public conveyances and places were forbidden him.

"Father," he said one night in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?"

"What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst.

"I'm going to eat a germ."—Success Magazine.

His Style.

Agent—Did you find a suitable house for that customer who seemed so chesty? Assistant—I did my best, sir. I recommended him one with a swell front.—Baltimore American.

Then He Knew of Course.

Husband—Does that new novel turn out happily? Wife—It doesn't say. It only says they were married.—St. Louis Star.

One kind word may turn aside a torrent of anger.

MEASURES ALTITUDES.

The Use of the Barograph on Aeroplanes and Balloons.

What the compass is to the mariner the barograph is to the aviator. The barograph is an instrument for measuring altitudes. The pressure of the air as it increases or decreases causes a delicate needle to trace a wavy line upon a cylinder which revolves by clockwork. This line indicates not only the exact height that is reached by the aviator, but also the speed at which he is traveling.

The barograph is kept in a weather proof box with a glass front, which is attached to a bar of the aeroplane or to a rope on the balloon. It is officially sealed before the aviator embarks, so there is no possibility of tampering with it, and the seal is taken off in the presence of witnesses at the end of the flight. In this way it is possible to establish absolutely and graphically the altitude which an aviator attains in his aeroplane or balloon. It is necessary for the aviator to watch the barograph constantly, as it indicates a change in the elevation almost to the foot. The sky pilot has to keep his eye on the indicator much as the man at the wheel of the seagoing ship watches his compass. Should the aeroplane or the balloon rise or fall ten or twenty feet the aviator would not be conscious of it unless he looked at the wavering needle tracing the permanent record on a chart before him. This tells him immediately of any changes in the nature of the air currents and gives him timely warning of aerial dangers.

These instruments are so delicate and so accurate, it is said, that a man might hang one of them about his neck in his glass case or carry it in his hand and climb a flight of stairs, the height of his ascent being graphically indicated by the inked needle on the machine.—New York Press.

A CAREFUL MAN.

His Indecision in the Matter of Employing a Doctor.

The parsimony of the old New England type now almost vanished was nobly exemplified in Mr. Benny Huntington, who lived with his maiden sister in a little town in western Massachusetts. Neither had ever spent a penny unnecessarily, and when in his old age Mr. Benny became crippled with "the rheumatiz" and had, as well, strange flutterings of the heart, which were unrelieved by the best recommended "yarb teas," they were greatly shocked at the suggestions and warnings of their friends and neighbors that they ought to send for a doctor. Mr. Benny refused, declared his scorn of the entire medical profession and continued to save his pennies.

But the pain grew worse. Mr. Benny was confined to his bed in great agony and overheard some of the neighbors telling his sister that he was going to die. Then he sent for an old schoolmate, a man as "careful" as himself.

"Josiah," he asked, in a low, confidential tone, "have you ever had a doctor?"

Josiah shook his head. "Dunno as I have," he answered.

Mr. Benny reached out and laid a trembling hand upon his old friend's arm. "Josiah," he asked again, "did you ever hear how much one o' them doctors charges for a visit?"

Josiah looked at his suffering friend with pitying sympathy. "Well," he said, breaking it as gently as he could—"well, I have heard, Benny, that they charge as much as $2 a visit."

"Two dollars?" Mr. Benny repeated. "Two dollars?" Then he sank back on his pillow and sighed in a volume of strangely mingled relief, regret and resignation. "Well, I dunno but I'd rather spend $5 than die!"—Youth's Companion.

The Licorice Plant.

The licorice plant resembles a rose with a single green stem, reaches a height of about three feet and bears a small purple star shaped flower. The first year's root growth resembles a loosely twisted string of tow and may run to twenty feet in length. The second year it assumes a woody substance when dry, and the third year it acquires its commercial value. The time for digging the root is the winter, when it is dried and crushed under heavy stones drawn round on it by mules, much as olives are crushed to extract their oil.

Queer Kaffir Custom.

Kaffir women will not pronounce their husband's names or even use words which contain the emphatic syllable of those names. One old woman, being taught to say the Lord's prayer, changed the word from "come" in "Thy kingdom come" to something that made nonsense, and, it proved, that the proper "come" word was the main syllable of her husband's name.

Proving His Contention.

"Jones is an optimist, even in the most discouraging circumstances, isn't he?"

"Why, no. His mother-in-law is visiting him, and he thinks there's hope for her recovery."

"Well, what did I tell you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Chess In Ancient Ceylon.

In ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note. The king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable on the last row for the pieces on whose row they stand.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

MENTAL DISCORD.

An Uncompromising Enemy to Happiness and to Health.

It is a law that every state of mind, whether good or bad, affects every cell in the system and is outpictured in the body, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. We are thus the arbiters of our fate through our thoughts, emotions and passions.

The time will come when we shall know how to refresh ourselves by mental chemistry—that is, by holding in our minds the antidotes of the things that have wearied us or vexed us, by holding the mental attitude which will neutralize the thought enemies that have thrown our bodies into confusion.

There is nothing so deadly to happiness as mental discord. It paralyzes the thinking ability and destroys the power of concentration and effectiveness.

All diseases and sickness of whatever kind are the outpicturing of some form of discord. If the mind is kept as happy as possible it is difficult for discord to get a foothold in the body. A happy mind is the best possible health producer, disease killer and discord destroyer.

For centuries man's happiness was looked upon by many earnest, thinking people as a condition largely beyond his control. They seemed to think that it depended mostly upon the temperament one happened to develop and that there were other things of so much more importance that we should not consider it too seriously or take precious time to cultivate it directly.

We are beginning to find, however, that even as an economical investment it pays immensely to make a business of being happy and being just as good to ourselves as possible, although not in a selfish way. We could not be good to ourselves in the higher sense by being selfish.

Ordinance No. 85.

Ordinance relative to the opening of Washington street, blow Water Street.

Be it enacted, and it is hereby ordained by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, that the portion of Washington Street lying between the south line of Water Street and the north line of the right of way of the Smethport Railroad Company, which same is a part of the street surveyed and shown on the map made by J. A. Seymour, C. E., which map is on file in the Council rooms of the said Borough, be and the same is hereby declared a public street and open for public travel.

That the distance from the lot lines to the curb or gutter line be twelve feet, and not less than eight feet of which shall be appropriated for side walk purposes; that from the curb or gutter line there shall be a distance of four feet reserved for the purpose of a gutter, and the balance of the distance, viz., thirty-four feet to be used for the road bed.

J. CLAYTON BACKUS,
President.

Attest:
F. H. BIEVER,
Secretary.

Approved this 5th day of October, A. D. 1910.

S. H. CLEVELAND,
Burgess.

Oct. 6-3t

God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incid nt thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1893, and its several amendments) I, William H. Morrison, High Sheriff of the County of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean County, that a general election will be held in the said County of McKean on TUESDAY, the 8th day of November, A. D. 1910, (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month), for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for Governor

One person for Lieutenant Governor

One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs

One person for Representative in Congress.

Two persons for Representatives in the General Assembly

One person for member of Common Council, 2nd Ward, Bradford City

THE FOLLOWING IS INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE, IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE.

A CROSS MARK IN SQUARE OPPOSITE NAMES OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IS A VOTE FOR ALL ELECTORS OF THAT PARTY, BUT FOR NO OTHER CANDIDATES.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

GOVERNOR.

(Mark One)

John K. Tener, Republican Workingmens League
Webster Grimm, Democratic
Madison F. Larkin, Prohibition
John W. Slayton, Socialist
George Anton, Industrialist
William H. Berry, Keystone

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

(Mark One)

John M. Reynolds, Republican Workingmens League
Thomas H. Greevy, Democratic
Charles E. McConkey, Prohibition
Louis Cohen, Socialist
Wm. H. Thomas, Industrialist
D. Clarence Gibboney, Keystone

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

(Mark One)

Henry Houck, Republican Workingmens League
James I. Blakeslee, Democratic
Charles W. Huntington, Prohibition
Beaumont Sykes, Socialist
James Erwin, Industrialist
John J. Casey, Keystone

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

(Mark One)

Charles E. Patton, Republican Prohibition
William C. Hehrie, Democratic
George W. Fox, Socialist

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark Two)

Samuel E. Bell, Republican
H. H. Reufield, Republican
Democratic
Robert W. Hilton, Prohibition Keystone
Edward R. Benson, Democratic Keystone
Archie Mcalpin, Prohibition
A. A. Ogden, Socialist
Earl Walters, Socialist

COMMON COUNCIL, 2nd Ward, Bradford City

(Mark One)

G. N. Walrath, Democratic

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the County of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:—

ANNIN TOWNSHIP.

At the building known as Simpson's store, now Macabee Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY

First Ward, First District—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First Ward, Second District—C. J. Lane's building on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon street, in the first precinct of the second ward, in the said City of Bradford.

Second Ward, Second District—At No. 46 Chestnut street, Mrs. M. J. Rook building.

Third Ward, First District—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Third Ward, Second District—At lot on south side of Washington street, a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth Ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad company.

Fifth Ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth Ward—At Epworth hall; next door to Methodist church on the north side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First District—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second District—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the County Commissioners.

CERES TOWNSHIP.

The building opposite side of Oswayo Creek, recently purchased by County Commissioners.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First District—The first floor of a new building owned by B. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second District—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 3732, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

ELDRED BOROUGH.

At the hose house, Edson street.

ELDRED TOWNSHIP.

Building owned by School District, on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First District—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second District—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Center.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The store room in the Walker building on Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Second District—At Lantz's store.

Third District—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

MT. JEWETT BOROUGH.

The east room, on the first floor of the city building and known as the hose house.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First District—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second District—Second floor of Macabee hall, situate at Morrisons.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said hall, situated on the south side of the public highway leading through East Smetaport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith shop.

Second District—At new building of J. C. Stull, Farmers Valley.

Third District—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's Hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park avenue in said Borough of Kane.

Second Ward—At the City or Municipal Building, situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third Ward—The lower floor of Truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street, in said third ward.

Fourth Ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First District—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellow's building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—Cannon's Hall, Lewis Run.

Third District—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway, 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth District—In the Post Office building in the Village of West Line.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.

In a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

PORT ALLEGANY BOROUGH.

Second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First District—Norwich township hall.

Second District—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardeau.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First District—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Center in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

SMETHPORT BOROUGH.

In the southeast corner of basement of Court House.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall, situated at Clermont.

Second District—In the old residence of D. O. Black at Freeman.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

In the basement of the Public School building in East Kane.

Polls to open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1910.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (If the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts." be amended so that the same shall read as follows:—

Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same whenever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (If the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3,
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 1. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation." so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided; shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, exept that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

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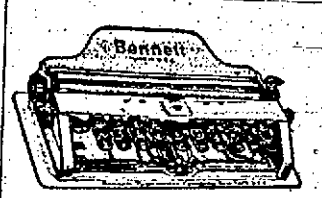

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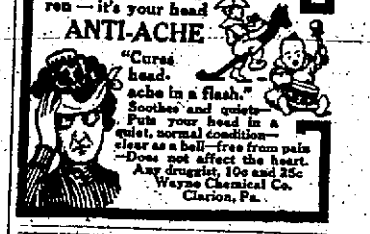
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My! what a noise!
But it's not the children—it's your head
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"Cures headache in a flash." Soothes and quiets. Puts your head in a quiet, normal condition—clear as a bell—free from pain—Does not affect the heart.
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